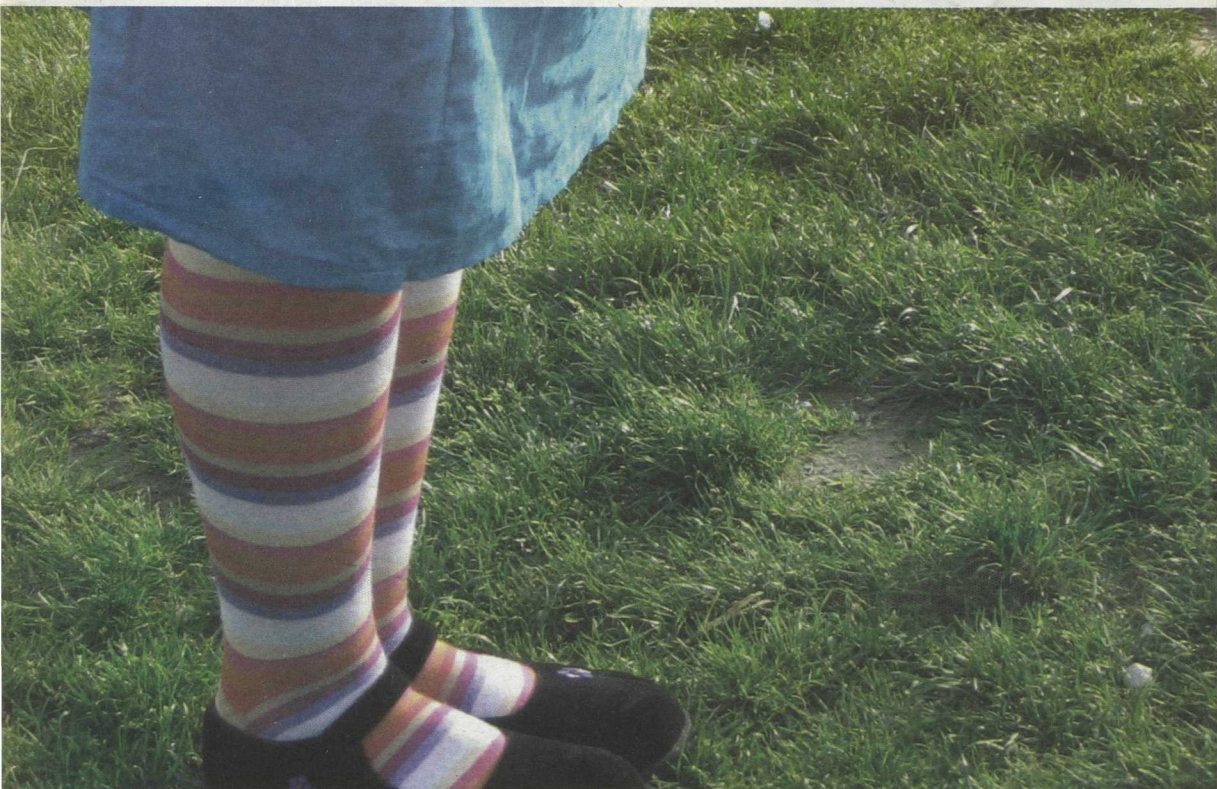


discorder

May 2005

that magazine from CiTR 101.9fm



Girl Culture Issue

Valery Gore The Underminer The Nein **Stripping** Margaret Cho The Donnas & The Sights & The Riff Randells Regina Spektor A Northern Chorus The Ends **Marta Jaciubek** The Ditty Bops The Lazy Cowgirls Keren Ann **Joanna Newsom** Ben Lee & Zykos & Har Mar Superstar Kinnie Starr Caribou Aesop Rock The Riverboat Gamblers Raking Bombs & Bakelite & Primes & Parallels Lila Nelson The Distraction **Stinkmitt** Bike Comix Hooking Up **Po' Girl** The Cool Jerks The Hatepinks **Jean Grae** Alexisonfire & Rise Against & The Fullblast Make Your Own Books Joel Plaskett & Peter Elkas Great Lake Swimmers Pyramids on Mars Fiona Apple **Kathleen Hanna** **Paper Dolls** Maplewood Lane The Deadly Snakes **Royal Vancouver Porn Society** Housewife's Tarot Stars & Montage & Apostle of Hustle & Feist British Sea Power Sodium Glow Death From Above 1979 & controller.controller & Elizabeth Steve Vai & Eric Sardinas The Chicago Women's Liberation Band Queens of the Stone Age & Throw Rag A Cardboard Cut-Out of **Lindsay Lohan** Guest Edits

MAY 12

MINDLESS SELF INDULGENCE



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MAY 27

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Rolling Stone



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ZULU

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

JUNE 4

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THE RED ROOM

JUNE 5

KAISER CHIEFS

A ROCK OF TRICKS



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SCRATCH

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JUNE 8



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DJ ROB RIZK
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COMMODORE BALLROOM

JUNE 8

MEAT BEAT MANIFESTO



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AND SCRATCH

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

JUNE 13

DELICIDE



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JULY 7

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May

DiSCORDER

That magazine from CiTR 101.9fm. May 2005.

Sun, May 1st

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Fri, May 6th

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DAN MANGAN
Stephen Hedley + Téa

Fri, May 13th

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Fri, May 20th

Hinterland
As The Poets Affirm
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EDITRIX

Kat Siddle

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Cardboard Cut-Out
of Lindsay Lohan

AD MANAGER

Jason Bennet

PRODUCTION MANAGER

Dory Kornfeld

ART DIRECTOR

Graeme Worthy

TA EDITOR

Vampyra Draculea

RLA EDITOR

Kimberley Day

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Robb Breckenridge

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Andrew Hudson

(These names are listed
in the chronological
order in which they
worked on the
production of this
magazine.)

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Luke Meat

DATEBOOK EDITOR

Kat Siddle

DISTRIBUTION

Lasse Lufick

US DISTRO

Frankie Rumblestone

PUBLISHER

Student Radio Society

of UBC

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The word "discord" on the cover is in 113pt Didot. It is also in Didot at the top of this page, but smaller, and the words beneath are in Adobe Jenson Pro, as are all the titles throughout the issue. The skirt, legs, and shoes on the cover belong to our production manager Dory Kornfeld; the socks belong to Kirsten Pudas, who designed the calendar and drew the dingbat. Our body text is set in 7pt, Century Gothic, with 9.6pt leading, some say it is too small, we disagree.

The cutouts that decorate many of the features and articles are designed to be paper-doll clothes (and unclothes in one case) for the figure of Kathleen Hanna, which you will find in the centre-spread pull-out calendar.

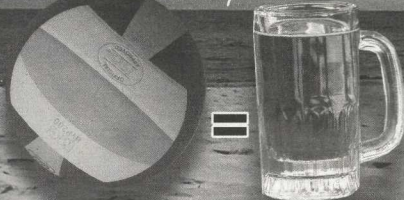
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Perpetually imminent Disaster

Welcome, gentle reader, to our long-awaited Girl Culture Issue. Allow me introduce you to this month's special Guest Editor, a cardboard cut-out of Lindsay Lohan.

The whole staff at DISORDER has spent the last month mulling over what exactly "girl culture" means to us. Knowing that we had this girl-themed issue ahead of us made me look around with renewed clarity. Where are the girls at in arts and music? If you watch MuchMusic or listen to commercial radio they seem to be everywhere. The major-label entertainment industry is one of the few job markets that actively seeks out young women specifically because of their age and gender. Of course, the positions offered to them are notoriously constricted: there's a narrow palate of character types to choose from, and the options may only span the difference between Britney and Beyonce. Most attempts at creativity and self-expression are suffocated under the pressure to make money. While girls are hired because they are girls, these industry employers are interested only in the idea of "girl" as palatable for mass consumption (i.e., shiny, skimpy, and skinny). While Lindsay Lohan, vanguard it-girl of the moment, is rumoured to actually be a real person, her role in the media is no more meaningful or sustainable than the cardboard cut-out propped against a wall in our office. Cardboard Lindsay and real Lindsay are, for most intents and purposes, the same thing.

Hopefully, by placing cardboard Lindsay next to our delightful three-dimensional contributors, we highlight some of the authenticity, complexity and dynamism that characterize the best aspects of girl culture.

We chose to define "girl culture" very loosely, as the collected cultural expressions by women that take experiences of being female for granted. However, we're also aware that, by highlighting select instances of girl culture in this issue, we also

help construct and participate in the idea. To acknowledge this, we chose the Kathleen Hanna Paper Doll as the visual theme for the issue. By presenting the patron saint of girls (in my mind) as a hand drawing, we want to make it clear that all stories in DISORDER, all the band profiles and interviews and record reviews, are basically hand-drawings. Attempts at accurate reflections of reality, they are as inherently flawed and disproportionate as any other. This goes for all magazines. But we're interested in more than two-dimensions, despite our limitations, which is why Kathleen is an interactive part of the magazine, and not just a photo prop a la Ms. Mean Girls. (Dress her up as Bettie Ford, Joanna Newsom, or Raby'n Volki Draw your own clothes if you don't like ours. Or draw your own rockstar girl roll model. We won't feel insulted.)

In an effort to celebrate girl culture rather than just write about it, we put a special emphasis on the autobiographical. The features in this issue capture some of the intersections between music, community, and growing up girl. We let boys help us, because boys are a part of our girl culture too.

I hope you like this one, kids. It's dedicated, naturally, to the girls.

Your Best Friend Forever,
Kat Siddle



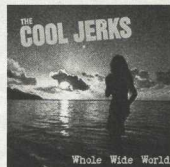
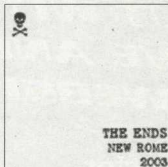
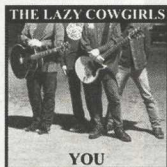
This is a picture of DISORDER editrix Kat Siddle highlighting her authenticity, complexity, and dynamism by standing next to the guest editor, a cardboard cutout of Lindsay Lohan.

HONEY JAM AUDITIONS

PhemPhat Productions, a Toronto-based company, is searching across the country for women with star power to take the stage for the 10th anniversary of Honey Jam, Canada's national all-female talent showcase. Past performers include Nelly Furtado, Jilly Black, Amalia Townsend, Masia One and more. Phenomenal artists representing all genres from hip hop to opera are invited to the auditions on June 5, 2005 at The Mod Club (722 College Street, Toronto). Those outside Ontario are encouraged to audition by sending a videotape, photo and bio by June 2. The Honey Jam showcase will then take place on August 14 at the same venue. For full details and contact info, visit www.phemphat.com

Riff Raff

by Bryce Dunn



After a well-deserved break (as well-deserved as a break from writing a monthly self-indulgent critique of one's favourite vinyl releases can be), I'm back with ears-a-blazing, ready to split hairs and topple chairs with some more seven inch affairs for your reading pleasure. The reason for my absence, you ask? Well, you can read about that elsewhere in this here issue, but some of the bands I'll be taking to task in this here space performed at the big wing-ding in Austin, including **The Lazy Cowgirls**. Now, these tough-as-nails cats have been known to show a soft spot here and there for the acoustic side of their rollin' and tumblin', blue-collar rock and roll, and their latest single is a prime slice of melancholy. The cut "When It Comes To You, I've Got No Dreams To Lose," is a song about hard-luck women, and even harder drinkin' as a result. The A-side sports a rollicking number called "You" which could be about anyone, but chances are it's about you. (Gearhead Records, P.O. Box 421219 San Francisco, CA USA 94142).

Speaking of hard luck gals, **The Cool Jerks** are just tryin' to find one on their latest seven-inch offering, and they'll search the "Whole Wide World"

to be with her, even it's only "For A Little While." The Cool Jerks are Memphis crooners **Jack Yarber** (ex-**Oblivians**) and friends stummin' and hummin' some gritty guitar blues/roots-favoured tunes and they make me smile and want to take a trip of my own, not to find a hard luck gal, but to find more material from **The Cool Jerks**. (Misprint Records, P.O. Box 40211 Nashville, TN USA 37204).

In the pantheon of punk rock heroes, **The Big Boys** held a prestigious spot in the hearts of many Texans for their individuality in an overpopulated genre and of course, like the credo of Texans, for doing bigger and better with each album. Who better to pay tribute to these giants than Texas' own over-the-top rock royalty **The Riverboat Gamblers**? On a joint venture with a band called **Throwup**, who contribute a **Pogues**-like sea shanty version of "Red/Green," the Gamblers knock out "Fun, Fun, Fun" which in all its four-track glory, is exactly that: snappy, overdriven guitars, gut-busting bottom end and raspy vocals on a mustard coloured side o' vinyl. (Dateshake Records, www.dateshakerrecords.com).

Our Canadian ambassadors of soul-shokin',

foot-stompin' rock and roll, **The Deadly Snakes**, want to remind you that they can't sleep at night knowing that you've forgotten the greatness that was their last album *Ode To Joy*. In *The Red* has issued a clip of the video for that song is used in the Muchmusic Loud commercial for chrisssakes!!). But you also get the bonus original "Nasty Boots", and two awesome covers of **Eddie Floyd's** "Big Bird" and **Neil Diamond's** "Shot Down", perfect examples of the rock and soul influences prevalent in the Snakes sound. Help curb their addiction to Nyquil by adding this fine piece of vinyl in your record collection. (In *The Red* Records, P.O. Box 50777, Los Angeles CA, USA 90050).

Some stuff for the skinny lite/white belt crowd now: **The Distraction** and **The Hatepinks** give us two tunes apiece of pogo-inducing punk rock. The Distraction sing (If you consider **Johnny Rotten** sucking helium balloons singing) the merits of "False Advertising" and being "Too Late For The Trend," with their French counterparts doing an admirable job of covering **Swell Maps'** "International Rescue" and an

original "Bored On Pills." Boring this isn't, however, as I was prone to bouncing around the room when playing these tracks. (Lollipop Records, 7 Imp. Monseigneur 13016 Marseille, France).

The Ends bring this column to an end with two new mid-tempo tracks of '77 punk crossed with New York gutter rock. On "New Rome" the band demonstrates their affinity for **The Sex Pistols** with some down-turned choppy guitar propelling the swagger into "Saw It Comin'", a little more melodic and peppy, reminiscent of **SIFF Little Fingers** or **Cocksparner**. The vocals are raunchy and beer-soaked, but not grating, and the band plays loose but not sloppy, with the two guitars given equal time to show their chops. If you like this single, check out their full-length feature *Sorry...XOXOXO* on Pelado Records. In the meantime, this 7" is on... (Dirtnap Records, P.O. Box 21249 Seattle, WA USA 98111).

Well enough from me, it's time you went out and got some of these rekkids. Happy hunting and see you next month!



Strut Fret and Flicker

by Penelope Mulligan

FREEPORT, TEXAS
Sodium Glow
Wednesday 7 April
International Village

Who'd have thought that the commercial district commonly known as Tinseltown Mall would be hiding such stunning wasteland behind the barricades? Thankfully, it was sniffed out by Sodium Glow, a troupe of graduates from SFU's School for the Contemporary Arts, who activated it with a dreamlike hybrid of site theatre and soap opera. Vast and slick, the space boasted an entire wall of floor-to-ceiling windows overlooking a twinkling tangle of viaducts and skytrains—eerily apt for a play about corporate greed.

In terms of story and character, *Freeport*, Texas is classic *Dynasty*-style Americana—rebels and shakers, frustrated trophy wives, moveable daughters and financial scandal—but playwright Michael Springate has included a few subplots that deliberately mess with the formula. One, concerning a young stripper smuggled out of Russia as human cargo, gives greed a global face; another enabled some jobs at America's preposterous self image. ("No, you didn't beat us," a Russian immigrant corrects his Texan boss, apropos the fall of the Soviet Union, "A bad system collapsed.")

Although it often seemed like the characters had tumbled out of a television set, the staging was more experimental and the company met this stylistic challenge beautifully. Director Olivia Delachand treated the performing area as a neural field, scattering scenes around it while our focus rotated. Aretha Aoki's choreography worked best when most naturalistic (some of the abstract sequences came off a bit artificial and strained) and her use of

physical theatre was ingenious. The actors gave us textured, believable characters and stayed true to them. The only mistep was requiring a young woman to play an eccentric old crane. This sort of up-going is always a minefield of physical and vocal cliché and it definitely didn't work here. But that's a minor kvetch. It's always a thrill when secret places are penetrated by art.

IOXYMORONIC
Colograph Theatre
Thursday 7 April
Firehall Arts Centre

Carl Caulfield could probably run a degree course in Women's Studies from her dance studio. In 2002 the local choreographer and performer explored patriarchy's erosion of the goddess in *Eve*, a work which dissected classical mythology with a lethal combination of kinetic sensuality and academic precision. In her first full-length solo show, she shakes down classical ballet and documents its parallel course in neutralizing female power. Unlike the earlier work, which employed a teasingly didactic tone to present a thesis, *IOXYMORONIC* felt like a very personal journey in which Caulfield was using dance to work things out.

As if to allude to what had been lost, the piece began with the enormous shadow of a Valkyrie looming across the upstage wall. This awesome presence would recur like an avenging angel amid the firebirds, swans, and other trapped or enfeebled chickadees in the classical repertoire. When Caulfield inhabited the Valkyrie costume with her long, strong body, her movements were angular, yet sinuous. She coaxed psycho-sexual power—and for the most part, played it straight. It was the other stuff that

got deformed: a tutu bouncing perkily on her hips proved to be a big, circular saw blade and the Firebird's flaming headdress was dangled before her on a pole while she chased, en pointe, with anxious little *bouffés*. (Actually, there are quite a few male dancers who'd love to be wearing toe shoes and tutus, but let's not even start on that.)

Voice-over narration, from text written and delivered by Caulfield and collaborator Myra Davies, offered provocative historical insight as well as droll commentary. ("The swans are dancing for daddy" was choice.) Tim Matheson's video projections were so compelling that they were almost a performance unto themselves—particularly those on a circular screen suspended, moonlike, downstage. Mark Taylor's music and sound design was alternately cheeky, dreamy and disturbing.

As good as the various elements were, they didn't always feel well integrated. There were long periods when only narration or video held the stage; without the dancer's powerful, unifying presence, the piece seemed fragmented.

Those slight misgivings were all but forgotten, though, with the closing segment: an exquisite routine on the stationary trapeze. Working first from the trap enclosed in a golden cage, and then free to swing sans cage, Caulfield left us with the perfect combination of spectacle and metaphor.

ESCAPE
Shirka Urechko
Sat 9 April
The Dance Centre

When a strong, experienced performer looks frightened and awkward on stage, they're acting, no? Let's just leave that question hanging for a bit.



Textually Active

THE UNDERMINER

OR, THE BEST FRIEND WHO
CASUALLY DESTROYS YOUR LIFE

MIKE ALBO

with VIRGINIA HEFFERNAN

The Underminer
Or, the Best Friend Who Casually Destroys Your Life
Mike Albo with Virginia Heffernan
(Bloomsbury Books)

When I started *The Underminer*, I was so delighted with it that I forced three of my friends to start reading it BEFORE I HAD EVEN FINISHED IT. That's how funny it is.

Most people have had friends like the Underminer—masters of the backhanded compliment who subtly eviscerate you every time they open their mouths. The truly evil ones actually intend to demolish your self-esteem. Family, friend or lover, constant figure in your life or banished grade-school chum, everyone recognizes the Underminer. The Underminer is written as a long monologue punctuated by time and the silent words of the Underminer's "best friend." It's funniest when read aloud in the voice of your most undermining friend (to others or to yourself. It's great either way).

Albo and Heffernan take something most of us have experienced and distill it into a single, hilarious narrative. While the story itself spins into unreality by the book's conclusion, the idea of the Underminer is no less true. I honestly think it's safe to say that the phrase "Was that kind of Underminer?" has entered my permanent social vocabulary. Most importantly though, it gives the rest of us a chance to strike back. I know exactly what my own undermining friend is getting for her birthday: A nice hardcover copy of *The Underminer*, and a note that says, "Read this and thought of you. I mean, thought you would like it. Love, Kat."

Kat Siddie

The Housewife's Tort
Paul Kepple and Jude Buffum
(Quirk Books/Raincoast Books)

First, I was thrilled with the campy retro art. Each of these cards is a delight to look at. I especially liked the novel way of approaching each image in a manner true to the officially sanctioned "American Dream" of 1950's housewives as well as the day to day realities of their actual lives (well, they did add in some subtly subversive twists, too, but that's the fun of it). For example, in the Major Arcana, Strength is represented by steel wool scrub pads, the Devil is a leggy and horned chocolate cake a la the old cigarette box gits, and the Hermit shows the housewife hidden away in every woman's refuge—the bubble bath. There are fifty other great examples here, too. I loved the recipe box style packaging, and only recently noticed that each divider has its own recipe on the back. Mmm, Neopolitan ice cream cake, must try it.

Of course, looks only get you so far. The real question with a tarot deck is "does the damn thing work?" So, when I was having one of those quarter-life crisis moments, I tried the Martini Spread (really it's a Celtic Cross with a funky new layout). Surprisingly, the answers I got did

support my underlying feelings on the issue and seemed to say that my current course of action, involved with art and music but not so much with money, was really where I should be. And really, no one likes a tarot deck that tells you to be practical, give up your silly dreams, and get a real job, so I rank this one as being fairly accurate and likeable. And that was without downing the recommended two martinis per spread. Thumbs up all around.

Vampyra Draculea

The Hookup Handbook: A Single Girl's Guide to Living It Up
Andrea Laventhal and Jessica Rozzler
(Simon Spotlight Entertainment)

This book was really stupid. Funny also, to be sure, but mostly stupid. Why it was in the actual relationship section instead of the humor section is beyond me.

And no, I am no prude. I did the hookup thing long back when it was still called "slutting around" and the heavy praise of the mostly anonymous roll in the hay for fun is fine by me. What I object to is the underlying tone of desperation in this book. The authors are really just promoting the same old bullshit rules of dating but with a sexual enticement for the men up front. They spend an entire chapter on what it means if he doesn't call you, or if he does, what it means if he calls you two days later versus three days later and why you shouldn't really call him first unless it's playing telephone tag, etc. How pathetic, that in this day and age, there are still chicks out there too chicken to call him up themselves. Apparently those of us who do are the same ones who fix our own flat tires, and apparently there's something wrong with that—how dare we be independent instead of helpless mice walling on our cell phones? Ugh. And the funny thing is that these authors seem so eager to know what guys like. Well, the truth is they don't like bullshit phone games.

The other thing I find a little weird is the heavy promotion of booze throughout this book—I'm pretty sure if you need to get drunk to do something, you're not doing it for fun. Sure, loads of people drink a little for fun in and of itself, but to imply being hammered is a requirement for a successful hookup smacks to me of women who aren't really having fun at all.

The tone may be playful, but the message is the same as *The Rules*. As the closing chapter on hookups turned long term relationships implies, women don't want men, they desperately need them, and if what you have to do to get your prince is fuck a lot of frogs, so be it. It's of course hidden under a thick layer of "no, we really are doing this just for fun and empowerment" icing. The authors may say on the dedication that this book is for girls who live by their own rules instead of *The Rules*, but their text and subtext belie that.

Vampyra Draculea



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Thursday, May 5th
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MOMMY & DADDY
Channels 3&4
Black Horse
DJ John Cougar
Friday, May 6th
The Lamplighter
ANGEL GRINDER
Among The Betrayed
Splatter
Friday, May 6th
The Brickyard
C'MON
The Markinside
UCHU
Sunday, May 15th
The Media Club
DAREDIABLO
and guests
Tuesday, May 17th
Pub 340
INFERNAL MAJESTY
Meatlocker 7
Antique
Saturday, May 21st
The Brickyard
STEREO TOTAL*
Hawway Truff
The Gospel
Tuesday, May 24th
Richards On Richards
BLEED THE DREAM*
Stutterfly
Like Yesterday
Daggermouth
Wednesday, May 25th
Mesa Luna
ALL AGES
ZIMMERS HOLE
Savannah
Ani Kyd
Saturday, May 28th
The Brickyard
KIDS THESE DAYS
The Castle Project
and guests
Wednesday, June 1st
Richards On Richards

Seam Rippers

How To Make A Girly Diary or A Blank Book for a Less Clearly Designated Purpose

by Georgie Russel and Gaile Addison

Since this is the girl culture issue, we wanted to combine something girly with a nod to our upcoming book show. What's really more "girly" than a diary? Think *Sixteen Candles* and broken hearts. Also this teaches you simple bookbinding techniques that can be used later for other projects.

You Will Need:

Paper (8.5 by 11 photocopy paper to start)	Cutting mat or corkboard
Sewing needle or an awl (the needle should be the biggest one you can find and the awl the smallest. Please be careful with sharp objects)	Utility knife/ X-acto blade (new sharp blades!)
Thread (thick, button thread should be strong enough) or dental floss	Ruler with metal edge
Bone folder (available at stores like Paper-Ya. It looks sort of like a letter opener. You can use anything else that is smooth and slightly curved, like a spoon)	Glue (there are special book PVA glues but white glue is fine)
Binding tape (fabric or medium weight paper works too)	Bookboard (very dense and strong, also available at Paper-Ya)
	Paper clips
	Cover paper (light-weight)
	Ribbon
	Scissors (always!)

Bookmaking is done in several steps. You should know what they are before you start, just so you're not daunted by the project. The steps are:

1. Making signatures
2. Sewing the signatures and joining them together
3. Binding the book
4. Making the cover
5. Finishing it all

Signatures

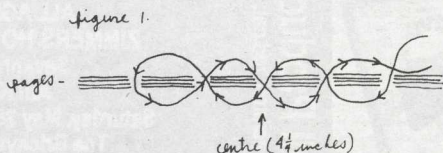
Signatures are the pages of the book in sections. Each signature requires a stack of five pieces of paper of identical size. Fold each piece carefully in half and press firmly with a bone-folder (remember: you can use the back of a spoon, a ruler or any flat smooth hard object). Make at least four or five of these. The more you make, the thicker your book will be.

Sewing the signatures together

Each signature needs to have its pages sewn together before the signatures are joined. For each signature, undo the pages and paperclip the edges of the pages together. Mark five evenly spaced holes along the centre, along the fold. The centre hole should be 4.25 inches from each end and the holes should be 1.5 inches apart from each other. Punch the holes in the paper with an awl or thick needle. Make sure the pages do not slip and do this on a corkboard or cutting mat.

Thread a thick needle with a piece of nylon (or strong thread, or dental floss) twice as long as the fold. Starting with a hole at either end and sew through the holes in sequence in a figure eight pattern. Gently tighten the slack in the thread before you go on to the next hole. See figure #1.

Pull the thread ends together and tie in a double knot. Cut off the thread leaving one inch from the knot. Repeat this step to create all your signatures.



Joining the signatures to each other

Re-fold two signatures and stack them so that the edges line up. Have the spines facing you. Thread a long piece of whatever thread you are using. Sew through the five holes on the bottom signature, from left to right and then sew through the holes on the top signature from right to left. Then tie your thread to the leftmost stitch on the bottom signature, which will attach the two signatures on both ends. Add a third signature on top of the pile, and retrace the holes on it from left to right, then loop the end through the rightmost stitch of the signature below. Do this until all your signatures are connected.

Binding the book

Cut two pieces of fabric or medium weight paper that are 1.5 inches wide and 4.5 inches long. These are the binding tapes. Gently pull the threads from the first and last set of stitches and slip the binding tapes under them. If you have trouble lifting them you can use a nail file or a needle. These tapes will keep the spine from slipping. When these are in place, fold them across the pages and glue them into place. See figure #2.

The cover

The simplest cover has a soft spine, which we are making here. If you are feeling ambitious there are many sources of bookbinding information and you can find other more complicated alternatives.

Cut two pieces of bookboard or heavy non-corrugated cardboard. They should be a quarter of an inch larger on three sides than the book pages. (5.75 x 9 inches). Cutting bookboard can be tricky as it is quite dense. Use a metal ruler and a very sharp blade; the best knife to use is a thicker utility knife with the snap off blade, and you may need to change blades several times in this process. The edges of the bookboard need to be very smooth.

Choose paper for your cover: it should be lightweight. Wrapping paper works well and so do colour photocopies. You can also use fancy textured hand-made papers from stores like Loomis and Paper-Ya. The size of your cover paper should be one inch longer and wider than the bookboard. (It will be 10 inches in height but the width will be determined by the number of signatures that you have made.) Line up folded sewn edges of the pages with the two pieces of bookboard in the shape of a closed book. Fold the cover paper around these. Make sure that there is a small amount of space that runs between the spine and the signatures. This will allow the book to close without straining the spine. Mark the cover paper where the bookboards will be placed, making sure to leave half an inch on the three outside sides of each piece. Then, and this is important, reinforce the strip of cover paper between the bookboard where the spine is by pasting a piece of tape or fabric down the centre. This reinforcement should end half an inch from the top and bottom edges of the cover as well.

Coat the entire surface of the cover with white glue and spread it smooth with a scrap piece of board. Once the glue has been spread, place the two pieces of board in place. Make sure that the cover paper is smooth. Fold the top half inch over the cover and glue in place. Repeat with the bottom and then either side. Weigh the cover down with heavy books or other objects while it dries to prevent warping. Once the cover is dry you are ready to attach the signatures.

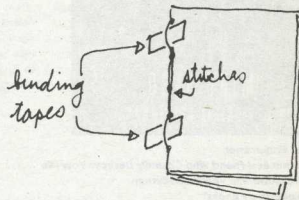
Finishing the book

Hold the pages in the folded cover where you want them, make sure that the front and back covers are even. Glue the top page of the signature stack to the inside front cover of the book, and glue the last page to the back cover. There should be an even border around the glued-down endpaper; this will be the pretty pattern or colour of your cover paper. This is how the pages are held in place—look at any hardcover book you have around and you will see that there is space for your pinky finger between the spine and the pages. Trust that this will hold.

If you want your book to be a true diary, you have to make your ribbon closure before you glue in the pages. To do this, glue two pieces of ribbon to the inside covers, from the spine outward, one on the front and one on the back. The ends pieces must be long enough to tie the book closed. Glue the endpapers in place over these. These ribbons will provide maximum security for all your dirty secrets. Decorate the cover in any girly way that you see fit.

If you still have a stomach for books after you finish this project, please come to the Seamrippers Book Show. The opening is May 14th from 7-11pm and the show runs until June 11th when we are visited by the bookmobile (www.mobivire.org). For more information and gallery hours check our website at www.seamrippers.ca

figure 2.



Mix Tape

This mix is supposed to read like good sex.

The kisses come on strong...first touch of lips to lips brings juice...it's sexy, slow and hard...Tru Rez track makes the lovers feel fierce, Slick Rick is dirty and sets a potentially kinky tone...De la just IS SEX...Moves' track is SICKLY hot...War Party and Martinez offer depth and humor...

Then it gets INTENSE for a bit with the next four tracks...til Los Super Seven, the Stones, Zeppelin and Reed Foel chill it out...maybe the lovers are gazing, reflecting, contemplating another round?

At last EPMD and Warren G bring the deep kisses and anything else back into play, and Los Super Seven bless the session as the lovers sign off and head out for the day.

Have a good one.

By Kinnie Starr

☆ 2005 MAY for DISORDER MIXtape

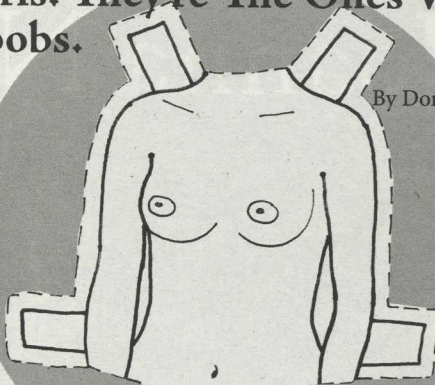
The kisses come on **STRONG**
for you. ♥ Kinnie.



TRUE REZ CREW - stay high
SLICK RICK - adults only
DE LA SOUL - shopping bags / ego trip
MOVES - shake yer ewind
WAR PARTY - feelin' reserved
JOSH MARTINEZ - outlaws
ORLANDO BROWN - pay attention to me
MC 900 FT JESUS - killer inside me
LOS SUPER SEVEN - mi ranchito
BOB MARLEY AND THE WAILERS - pass it on
REED FOEL - when it comes around
LED ZEPPELIN - tangerine
THE ROLLING STONES - tops
EMPD - headbanger
WARREN G - regulate
LL COOL J - backseat of my jeep
BOOGIE DOWN PRODUCTIONS - 100 guns / 30 copier more
LOS SUPER SEVEN - piansa en mi

Girls. They're The Ones With Boobs.

By Dory Kornfeld



To get to the room where the striptease aerobics class is, you have to walk past the hallway where the doctors' offices are, down a few stairs, and through the room with five floor-to-ceiling brass poles. The space is like any other exercise space with smooth floors and mirrored walls, and the actual workout session is just like any other aerobics class. It is a hip-hop dance class combined with yoga for people with no attention span, except the instructor keeps reminding us to "let our hands wander," points out the appropriate moments to "pretend you're taking off your shirt," and has us slapping our bums every time we bend at the waist.

This is the Aradia Fitness studio at 14th and Granville, the hot new exercise sensation that has been written up in all the publications required to prove that this risqué workout can't really be all that edgy. Articles in the Georgia Straight, the Vancouver Sun, the Vancouver Courier, the Metro, and others all dutifully repeat the studio's tag line, "Explore your sexy side!" as they praise Aradia for finally providing a place for women to be sexy and sexual. The thing is, though, that all this talk about taking the taboo out of stripping seems less about embracing the often-marginalized existence of women's sexuality and much more about simple capitalism and stark business sense.

Aradia Fitness, so the story goes, was started by two women, Tracy Gray and Christine Boyer, who were both dance and fitness instructors, but never strippers. They just thought that pole dancing seemed like fun, but couldn't find anywhere that offered classes. Thus, Aradia Fitness was born, and since opening a year ago, it has expanded greatly. They offer a wide variety of classes, from lapdancing to a much more demure "Sensual Stretch & Strength" course. They are opening franchises in Edmonton and Toronto. They are launching a line of clothing specifically designed for pole dancing fitness. They sell brass poles for \$490. As for the 'sexy' side of it all, well, in the Vancouver Sun article one enthusiastic participant in the studio's classes was quoted as saying "This is not about stripping...stripping is objectifying. This is empowering. It's embracing femininity."

In her article, "Lip Service on the Fantasy Line," Feminist Anthropologist Kira Hall writes about how women working as phone sex operators complicate "notions of power in language, because the women working within the industry consciously produce a language stereotypically associated with women's powerlessness in order to gain economic power and social flexibility." The same can be said for stripping, where women consciously objectify themselves to make money. The feminist analysis, supported by UBC professor Becki Ross, is that stripping is women's work and needs to be understood, historically and academically, as something that has existed for a long time and has been used by many women to their advantage. Dismissing stripping as degrading or

objectifying is simplistic and dangerous; it also ignores the class issues inherent in the profession. Stripping is mostly the domain of under-educated women with limited job prospects who realize that they can make a comfortable wage by showing off their boobs--and though they have to put themselves in an obviously objectified position, they garner power from that.

So it's frustrating, then, that this mainstream incarnation of stripper kitsch just wants to pretend that stripperize has nothing to do with this. The instructors have dance and aerobics training, not field experience, and the winking in the mirror and running your hands through your hair while doing the workout just seems like an afterthought. Women are encouraged to "explore their sexy side" by emulating striptease without any acknowledgement of what it actually is. The studio is not decorated with posters of Gypsy Rose Lee or other famous strippers in history, and it is clear that these classes are not professional training. This is exercise. You are supposed to wear yoga pants, not stiletto heels.

Recently I read an autobiographical travelogue called Strip City, in which ex-stripper Lily Burana goes on a stripping road trip across America to exorcise her stripping demons before getting married. In the book, she writes about the competition between dancers, the sleazy club owners, the stage fees that strippers are required to pay, the increasingly explicit things that women are required to do to make money, and psychological "stripper damage." Burana is not hesitant to admit that she likes stripping and the money she makes, but she doesn't gloss over how hard the job really is. At one point, she says that she often wonders if the power through deliberate objectification theory is just a rationalization women use to soothe their beat-up sense of self.

When women use that rationalization, they talk about the money and the power they get from exploiting men's weakness. They rarely talk about how stripping makes them feel more sexy. Stripping is a job, and they know it. For Aradia founders Tracy and Christine, stripping is a job too, but in a much different sense. Instead of capitalizing on men's desire to see bared breasts and cleanly shaven twats, they are capitalizing on women's desire to play with the taboo around sex and power. I don't want to look down at anything that encourages female sexuality, and I'm pleased that the courses they offer are not about choreographing a show for your lover but about looking in the mirror and reminding yourself, as the instructor insisted, that "you're hot, you're sexy, you know that, right girls?" Still, I find it distressing that it is so easy and profitable to take something as complicated as stripping and polish and shine it and disassociate it from anything real.



This is a picture of Dory Kornfeld standing next to a cardboard cutout of Lindsay Lohan.

Joanna Newsom

Narwhals, Tractors, Unicorns

By Sasha Webb

Joanna Newsom made my Vancouver springtime even more sublime. Her first full-length solo effort came out in this past November, and didn't make it into my reverent hands until January, due to financial constraints. I didn't want to listen to it without actually purchasing the tangible record, cover art and all. I'd only seen the video for "The Sprout and the Bean," the first single, before I bought the album months later, and didn't let myself see it again before I made the anticipated purchase.

It's a love, hate, or tear inducing album. I listened to it non-stop for days, singing along as much as possible (occasionally in very inappropriate situations), feeling even more blissed out than normal. My roommate was nonplussed. A few friends were shocked and irritated by her voice. My sister, then enduring yet another long separation from her touring musician love, couldn't hear two seconds of any track without bursting into tears. The rawness and emotion in Ms. Newsom's inimitable vocal style pokes and provokes.

The album, *The Milk-Eyed Mender* is a folk-tastic soundscape of dramatically whimsical proportions. The cover art is exquisite, a rare tactile offering in world of digital art. Furnished by her sister Ms. Emily Prince, embroidered images of narwhals, tractors, and unicorns float in bubbles around the artist's embellished photograph, a stunning visual accompaniment to Joanna's equally distinctive music. From first to last track, the album is a perfect fusion of classical composition, feminine folk, and Joanna's mind-blowing lyrics and vocals. All communicated via a Lyon & Healy style 15 harp, an electric piano, an acoustic piano, and a harpsichord.

In the tradition of only writing about artists I love, I knew I had to try and interview Joanna. After a few phone calls last month, Drag City, her lucky label, made it clear that it wasn't going to happen. She was about to leave on a European tour and did not want to deal with the press in general. In most cases I would let it go, but I didn't feel like DISORDER should have a girl culture issue without a little something about my favourite harp toting girl. So I've combed the internet and resorted to using bits and pieces of interviews conducted by others. Not the usual quality journalism you're used to from us, but acceptable given the super woman at hand.

So first things first. Girlhood. How does where you grow up shape your artistic body? I grew up in Abbotsford. Despite an idyllic geographic location, the beauties of the Fraser Valley are just slightly marred by the worst air quality in western Canada and a few too many fundamentalist churches and strip malls. My adolescence in this cultural wasteland was replete with angst ridden diary entries, skipping school

to smoke pot in parking lots, and shoplifting from various businesses in the aforementioned strip malls. Most twelve to seventeen year-olds living in the suburbs experience a similar reality: a feeling of entrapment, isolation and despair. Our energy and latent talents are channelled into crazed partying and drug consumption. Rather than being able to realize or even identify our potential, we squander it in a Wal-Mart parkade.

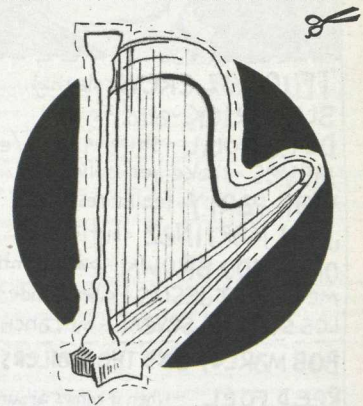
Compare this to Nevada City, a lively Californian gold rush town. A section about live music on the community website actually lists Joanna's harp teacher as a resource and an artist available for events! "The community that I grew up in was very musically rich. Terry Riley [considered to have launched the Minimalist composing movement in the mid 1960's] was our neighbour," Joanna told Alexander Lawrence in 2003. "There were a lot of composers living in Nevada City. There is a composer's guild there. Howard Hersh, Terry Riley, and Jay Sydeman and a bunch of new composers all live there. I love Terry Riley. I love a lot of his piano stuff especially. I heard some stuff at my school. He didn't teach there but he had a strong relationship with my school."

Add a similarly talented family: "I played piano for about two years when I was a kid. I didn't play long enough to be really great. I started playing harp about fourteen years ago. My parents are musicians. My mom was aiming for a while to be a concert pianist, but she became a doctor instead. So she still plays piano, and conga drums, and hammer dulcimer. She plays all sorts of stuff. My Dad plays guitar. My sister plays cello. My brother plays drums." In fact, Joanna may have a family band in the works, now that she's on a record label. "If I have a label funding a record, I am going to have my family down to one spot. We are going to do at least one song. They can all sing better than me. They have great pitch. Especially my sister: she has an amazing voice. I am going to get all their various talents on my CD." A whole family of Newsoms might just push me over the edge.

High school? The music program at in my school district got eliminated in grade six. By high school there were a few volunteer band teachers, but nothing institutionalized. Joanna attended secondary school with alt rock luminaries Zach Hill and Spencer Seim, now of Hella and The Advantage fame. Joanna must have had some pretty rad English teachers too, as her lyrics cast inspired shadows over the usual folk fare. Consider the following stanza from "En Gallop": "Never get so attached to a poem/You forget truth that lacks lyricism/Never draw so close to the heat/That you forget that you must eat." What brings about such fully realized poetics? "I am always trying to write. Lyrics are very different. There is a clear line between that and a poem. Something

that has been a source of great excitement and delight for me is this idea that I get to rhyme. That is a big "no no" for a lot of writing. In high school, we studied a lot of poetical forms. I was really interested in the math that was involved and the strange live break ups. That gave me a great amount of respect for a rhymed stanza. The way that words fit together is always interesting to me. I love words."

It is clear that Joanna's skill is the combined product of a rich cultural environment, years of hard work on her part, and perhaps a few lucky stars in the sky the night she was conceived. I fell in love with Björk at the tender age of twelve; her voice, perhaps not even as distinct as Joanna's, had me rapt at first listen. Ten years later, god has sent me yet another elfin offering, this time from my own continent! If this means I get to see her live before another ten years have passed, I'm ecstatic. And I'm even more ecstatic that there will always be women out there making soul piercing, innovative, and just plain beautiful music.



This is a picture of Sasha Webb pretending to exchange a knowing glance with a cardboard cutout of Lindsay Lohan.

Hey kids!
Break out your
markers! Get your
your crayons!
Reacquaint yourself
with paint! Colour
Kathleen's outfits
as you cut them
out and dress her
up!

Honey Jam auditions June 5th
Female artists across Canada can take part



Betti Ford

StinkMitt MC Sounds Off

By Caroline Walker

There are so many questions we would like to ask former CTR DJ Maren Hancunt, AKA MC Betti Ford. As one smeary, beery third of Vancouver's only "Trailer Clash" trio, StinkMitt, Hancunt/Ford raises hell and eyebrows onstage with MC Jenni Craig (who moonlights as Lady Precise) and Dr. Do This, Caroline Walker caught up with Hancunt after the band's last gig to quiz her about Peaches, Femcon, and Doing It (Yourself).

You were involved with the National Campus and Community Radio Association (NCCRA) as a gender consultant for the Women's Hands and Voices Initiative. Could you describe the purposes of the Initiative?

Women's Hands and Voices is an initiative to get more women's music heard on the air, and also to get women's perspectives heard on the air, because college and campus radio is lacking involvement from women—I think it's 30% or less, maybe 20% women, 80% men at a station. So what happens is that women's music gets left out. It's a vicious cycle, because less women get played on air, and then there is less money and interest in women's bands, so less get recruited, so less women are played on air. Women's Hands and Voices is not a perfect mechanism—nothing is—but it is an attempt to address that vicious circle, in the hopes that if we play and promote more women on air, then record labels and distribution will get more interested in women artists. Women artists are rad and they are underrepresented on college radio, for many reasons.

It's a pain in the butt to be looking for Femcon that's indie and Canadian and recent and all that stuff, but if you do look you will find it. I was on the radio when the internet was not as thorough as it is now. I started in '98, and so at the time we'd dig through filing cabinets for names of bands. The point is that it is there. If you take the time you can totally program your show according to Femcon. You only need 30%. The other thing with Femcon is that it doesn't have to be an all-women band. If you're playing a Phish song, talk about Kim Deal, talk about how she wrote or she produced. Play bands that are produced by women, play it up, just talk about it. It's about reminding the audience that women are always making music, that we're always a part of it, that music would not be being made if it weren't for women.

So what do you have to say to programmers who fear that these regulations will limit their freedom (especially when mediums for free expression are increasingly marginalized)?

Your freedom is not being taken away. We're asking you to program 30% of your program to be women's music. We're not telling you it has to be country. Go find it—if you don't like any music being made by women in your genre, then get on the mic and tell us that you think all music being made by women in your genre sucks ass, and you don't want to play it because it's shit. Because we don't believe you. I get suspicious when you don't feel your freedom is being taken away by the indie requirement or the Cancon requirement but suddenly you feel your freedom [is being taken away by Femcon]. I get suspicious. Maybe it is not your freedom you are losing. It is your privilege, and you need to look at why you want to hold a privilege over anybody else in your world, and if that's really doing you any good.

When we're talking about issues of justice and equality we have to really refrain from looking at things in a black and white way. We can't think "Oh, because I'm forced to promote this person I am being robbed of my freedom." It's not a black and white thing. It's about compassion, and love, and trying. It's a compassionate thing. It's a beautiful thing. I don't see how it is detrimental. And we are not beyond affirmative action because women only make—excuse me, white, straight, middle class, able-bodied women—make 71 cents to every dollar a man makes. Women of colour make less, women with disabilities make less. First Nations women make the absolute least. If you are a First Nations woman, who's a lesbian, with a disability, do the math, you're making a lot less.

How did you get to know Peaches?

I got to know Peaches because I used to work at CTR, and her CD came into the station sometime in 1999 or 2000. It was an EP, and it just looked like a folk CD—there was a sketch on the cover that looked folk—so I never bothered listening to it 'cause I thought it was folk music. No one actually bothered to listen to it for a couple months. Finally I looked at it again, and it said "Loverlits" and "Suck and Let Go" n' shit so I thought, maybe this shit is dope. I put it on and it was wicked, so I started playing it on my radio show all the time. I played it for a couple years. I met her management and her label because I contacted them to interview her, they came to Vancouver for New Music West and they wanted to score pop, so they scored pop through me. I had just started StinkMitt and I invited them to the show, not because I wanted to get anything out of it but I think I was trying to end the conversation. "Oh we got a show I'm in a band, this is our second show but come." They came and they loved us and asked us to do a record for Teenage USA.

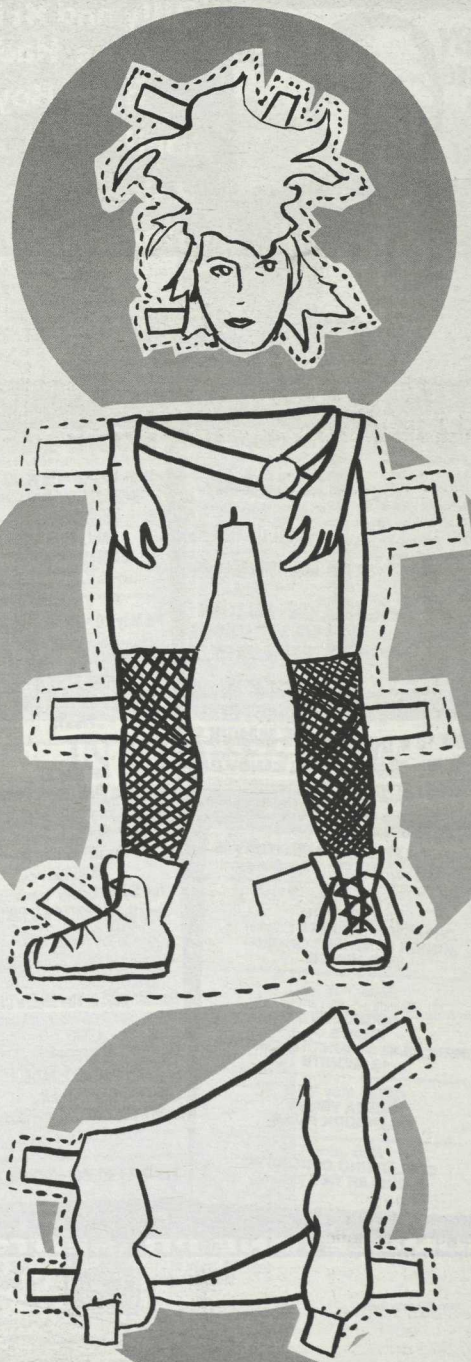
Even though *The Teaches of Peaches*, her first record, was on Teenage, we actually met her because my friend Denise Benson, who does Rock for Choice, wrote her liner notes for *Fatherfucker*. So I said, "Denise, can you email Peaches cause she's coming to Vancouver? Can you say these guys are the shit, they should open for you?" So we opened for Peaches at Richards with Electrocutie in 2003 for \$100. She saw us and she loved us; and so ever since then she's helped us out.

You have a big European tour all lined up. How did you organize this after StinkMitt's management was "shuffled"?

We did it ourselves, totally indie. We did all the booking, we sent really crappy burns in envelopes I taped together from other envelopes that were sent to me. But we are playing tons of huge venues ... if your band is really good, just network. That's how you do it. It's funny, I used to work with Lydia Lunch a lot. She did this speaking engagement where she talked about creating without a budget. How you can get your art made when you don't have a budget? The best thing to do is network. Just hook up with people that are doing what you do, see if you can do them a favour. If they can do you a favor, that's how we got this huge tour, just networking and doing favors in exchange—everyone that got us a show gets a show-in Vancouver through us. If there is a moral to this story, it's that you can do it yourself.



This is a picture of Caroline Walker giving an enthusiastic "thumbs up" next to a cardboard cutout of Lindsay Lohan.



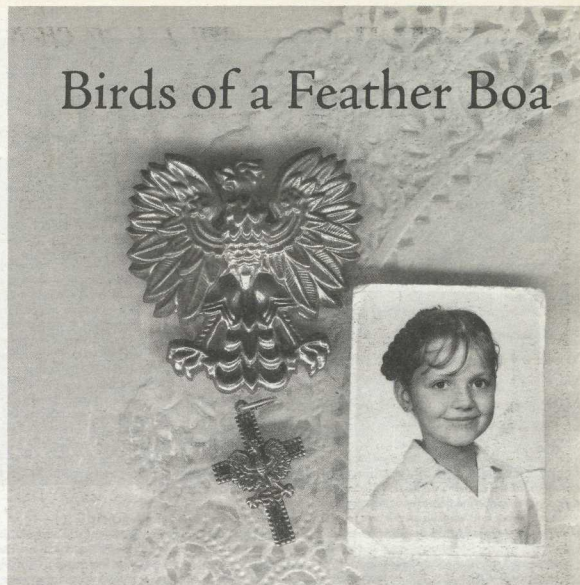
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Raise A Fuss! Raise A Holler!



By Marta Jaciubek

There comes a point in everyone's evolution when we start to realize that there might be a better way to do things. We start seeing through old patterns and our deep-rooted social programming and we try to live a happier and healthier life. I've been lucky enough to do so with a little help from the girls closest to me and with a hell of a lot of fun. Collage is an avant-garde collective of my best friends Stefanie Markson, Mary Belgue and Angela Fama. Together we are dedicated to stimulating and providing a forum for our creativity in all its manifestations. We are also willing to push our own boundaries in order to de-program ourselves and to discover our true will.

That, and entertainment...and vodka. Both of which, sadly, became the domain of men, leaving women no choice but to support one another. No door was ever closed; there was always a stranger willing to help out with food, clothing, or babysitting. Together, mothers learned to overcome the shame of loneliness and constant lack, proudly raising strong children in true solidarity. That being said, the men did the best they could under the pressure of having no way of providing for their families.

As for entertainment, I was raised on puppet shows and cabarets. Even though the communist party established harsh censorship on all aspects of art, somehow even harmless children's puppet shows ended up politically charged. Even more so. The Cabaret, originally held in nightclubs, became a social commentary and was televised once a week on our one and only national television channel. It did help ease the frustration of the entire country, yet it was never an outright and honest artistic expression. This suppressed creativity lacked the power that is now available to all of us.

Capitalism and the sexual revolution helped shape a completely different dynamic in North America. At this point we seem to be part of a generation with the potential to be social pioneers, since there are no real role models for equal, balanced relationships. This is the impetus behind Collage's first production, a revolutionary multimedia puppet show/cabaret in the same vein as Animal Farm (originally a critique of the hypocrisy and brutality of the Stalinist regime) meets Lysistrata (ancient Greek satire where women end a war with a sex strike, leaving men disoriented with huge erections).

To raise money for the puppet show we will be having an Arabian Nights party—complete with belly-dancers, sword fights, and a make-out room—some time in May. Our inspiration? Mata Hari, the exotic dancer and international spy. Our goal is to make our lives our greatest work of art, so we'll see you all in the make-out room. I'll be the one smoking the hookah.

This is a picture of Marta Jaciubek attempting to teach a carboard cutout of Lindsay Lohan a thing or two about ladies.



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JUNIOR PANTHERZ (Saskatoon)
NO-HANDS

Wed May 18
Melinda's B-day Party w/
BUGHOUSE 5
KNAWS &
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Sunday

Monday

Tuesday

Wednesday

Thursday

Friday

Saturday

1
Teen Angst: A Celebration of Really Bad Poetry Book Launch @ Media Club (see page 14)
A Mouth Closed, Jonathan Inc. @ Media Club (later)

2
Hard Rock Miners (World Cinema) @ The Railway Club
The Front Gabriel Teodoro, The Step Cousins @ Lamplighter

3
Vedo, Sinewave, Bella @ Media Club

4
"Monster" Moth" co- tune dance party with Control Band @ El Cocoi
D.O.A., Swingset Champion, Doggermouth @ South Arm Community Centre

5
The Sodas @ the Drink: Best of the indie music video fest @ Radio East 93 @ Black Healer Buckle Up Busio, SK Robot @ The Railway

6
Rap is Poetry @ Ironworks, Citi 45 @ Asholi, Mommy and Daddy, Chameleons 3&4, Guests @ The Lamplighter

7
Wolf Eyes @ Media Club: Cher, Font of Tigers @ The Candy Bar: Soapnuts, The Doers! They? Snore @ The Railway Club

8
You should totally be spending today with your mother

9
Rodney DeCruz & The Killers, Cameron Lattimer, Cory Danyuk and Sarah Card @ The Railway

10
LCD Soundsystem, MIA @ The Commodore Ballroom

11
Chewy on Alberto, Junior Pantherz, No-Hands @ The Railway: Ne-meanso, Removal, The Familias @ Measa Lugo: Supersystem @ Media Club

12
Thunder Bird Re-do Hell Live @ The Railway: Kora, Aspin Youth, The Nervous Breakdowns, Parkville Rancher, Joey Only @ Anzo Club

13
Lodhewk, Book of Lists, Happy Kreier, Print @ The ASBAU: Cal Water, Marilyn Engine @ The Marine Club

14
Frequently Fall the Spinto, the Myerous, the Paralels @ The Railway: The Smears, Dirty Bloods, The Bickyard: D.O.A., The Badpans, Hong Kong Blonde, R.O.S. @ Seyym Hall

15
C'mon, Mark Inside, Uchu @ The Media Club: In Flux Casselle Release Party @ Blim

16
1964-Blonde on Blonde and Pei Sounds are released for public consumption

17
Aurethie @ The Commodore Ballroom: Dandelbloom, S.T.R.E.T.S., Zavis @ Pub 340

18
Pink Rock @ Richard's: Knows, Richard's: Knows, 12 Midnite @ the Railway: A Blast, The Panic, chocolate soup, Four Trickyd @ The Bickyard

19
Immaculate Machine, Parlour Steps, Basement Sweets @ The Railway

20
"57 Varieties" unplugged open stage/variety show @ Bickershop: Billy The Kid and The Last Days of Lou Lou (early) @ The Railway: The Pig, The Cape May Band @ The Railway

21
Novellero, the Meins Circa, Codex @ Anzo Club: The Redcure, Rio Ben, Some Lambert Trio, Earl Van Wipeout @ Pub 340

22
Lindy, Bombs! My Project: Blue @ Media Club: Power Clown (all medicinal! down!) @ The Callor

23
Happy Birthday Robert Moog-without you there would be no Moog Cookbook.

24
Stereo Tool, Thawey Tool, Right and Left, The Doers, Grant Hart (ex Funky Duj), The May Kings @ The Lamplighter

25
Casta Verde, the Polack @ the Railway: Sam Trelog, @ Richards

26
Palmo Poppo @ Blim

27
The Corox Girls, Observers, Franzlions, The Nons @ Pub 340: I, Brat-needer, Motorcrom, Transylvanian Polka @ The ASBAU

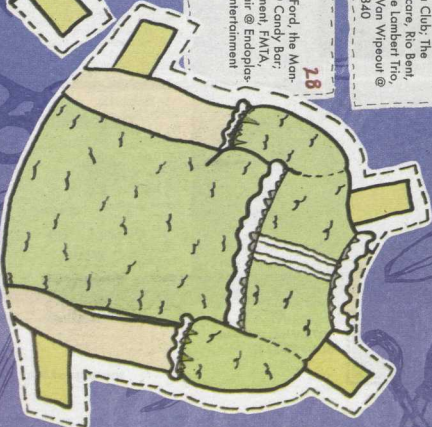
28
John Ford, the Marvits @ Candy Bar: Basement! FMIA, Corcor @ Endoplasmic Entertainment @ The ASBAU

29
Snoop Dogg and the Game @ Pacific Coliseum

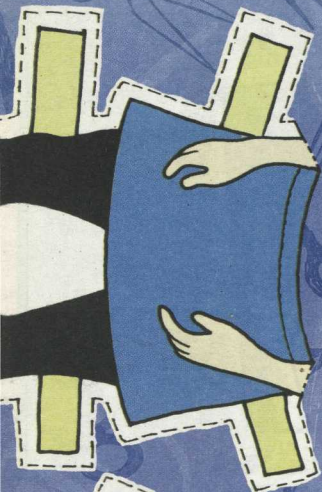
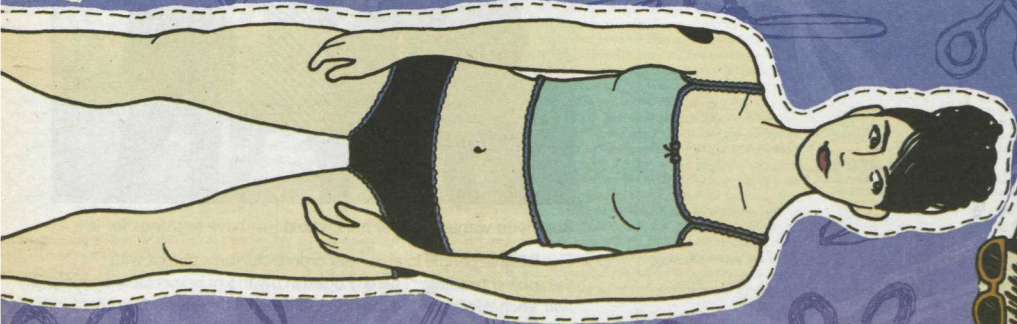
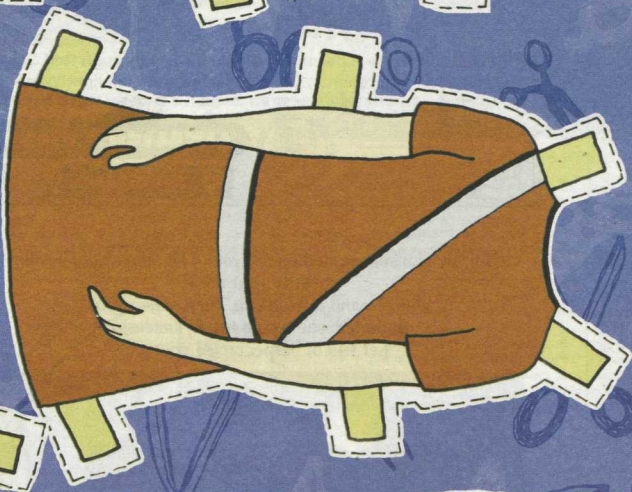
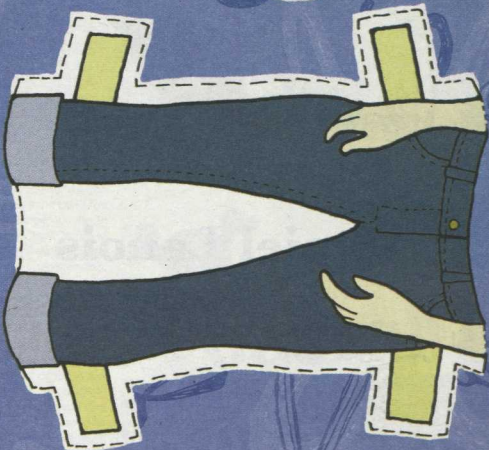
30
Caribou, Junior Boy, The Kustan Tourists @ Richards

31
Wear your sunglasses as at night day

This is a picture of Karen Pados cordoned behind of Lindy Lohman



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If Shirely Manson wanted one of your CDs, she would totally come to your door and demand it from you. Then, when you hesitated, she would totally unleash her trio of bespectacled goons.

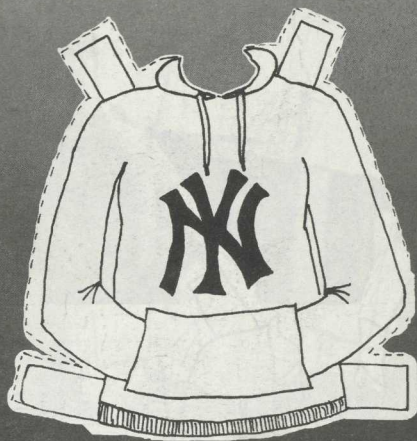
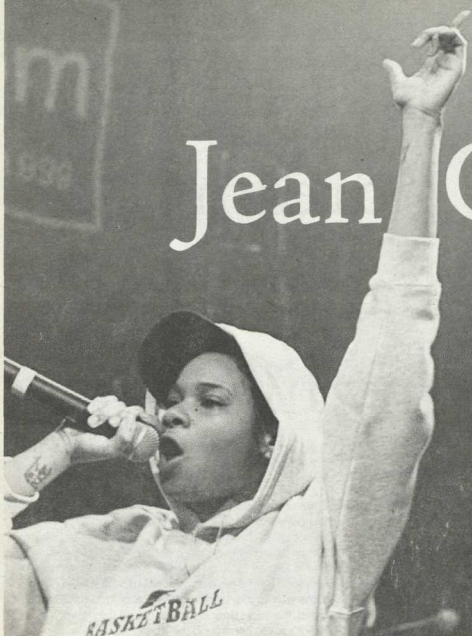


But if you wanted one of hers, you'd just have to ask us for it.

The first five people to email discorder@club.ams.ubc.ca with the subject heading, "I hereby unleash my trio of bespectacled goons" will each win a copy of the new Garbage album, *Bleed Like Me*.



Bantu Philosophy and Jean Grae



By Zach Goelman

Rapper Jean Grae (néé Tsidi Ibrahim) delivers a form of art that doesn't comply with the cookie-cutter expectations stamped in our minds of hip-hop. Not just how it should sound—hip-hop has been transformed into a marketable lifestyle of designer clothes and slurred slang and we know that the music is only a part of that—but how hip-hop should be. She isn't prescribing a lifestyle that follows the sex-and-violence checklist of disposable consumption like so many of the contributors to the art form, nor is she merely describing the pitiful condition of Black America's streets. She takes you into her thoughts about her childhood, her adolescence, her loves, her losses, and she treats you with respect throughout. Hip hop, generally treated so disposably, picked up only when one is in the mood, isn't familiar with manifestos so human. She brings intimacy into an art form that is more easily left packaged and analyzed from a distance. Breaking with presuppositions is more difficult than simply decrying the public view. It requires a reorganization of where the public view comes from.

In 1945, Christian missionary Placide Tempels "discovered" African philosophy. Africans, he explained, see themselves as composed of life force, immaterial, and influenced by their ancestors' spirits. Tempels successfully contributed to the tar pit of European ideas about Africans, reducing them from humans with memory and creativity to a community caught up in its myths and ancestors. Tempels' conclusions were easy on the palate of white Europeans and Americans who needed Africans "explained." The missionary's conclusions translated into the understanding that African-Americans were composed of an essence inherently idiotic and lacking in sense of history; the claim that this description was how they described themselves gave a carte-blanche to the continued portrayal of African-Americans in this context. It isn't surprising that the familiar image we have of the indigenous people of Africa is drumming and dance; in America, the descendants of the Bantu are celebrated through displaying a diamond-chained Jay-Z, or the watermelon curves of Foxy Brown. In many elements, Blacks are still easiest seen through Tempels' lenses.

Tsidi Ibrahim was born in South Africa, the daughter of Jazz musicians. Her parents took her to New York in their self-imposed exile from the Apartheid regime. Raised in a house of music and education (her mother was a teacher as well as a singer), Tsidi absorbed a love of music and literature and was willing to put forth the hard work required to pursue the performing arts. As she grew up in the right place alongside others exploring hip hop, her talented identity solidified in the pseudonym Jean Grae, who *Rolling Stone Magazine* called "the best kept secret on New York's indie hip-hop scene." Three albums in, Jean Grae has increased her profile and received praise from *Spin*, *The Village Voice*, *URB Magazine*, *XXL*, and more. These cultural soundboards credit her with stunning lyrical talent and honest and emotive storytelling, but you shouldn't be surprised if you haven't heard of her before. Jean Grae doesn't fit the music industry's machinery. Those gears are in place to grind down, not refine their product.

In the years following Placide Tempels' publication, scholars began to assert claims contrary to the missionary's conclusions. In his book *The Fight*, covering Muhammad Ali's competition with George Forman in Kinshasa (the "Rumble in the Jungle"), Norman Mailer took Tempels' ideas of primal life force, and combined them with his observations of the African-American struggle to create a complimentary understanding: that a man was not only himself, but all of the generations past that still lived in him, not only a human but part of the resonance about him; one did one's best to live in such a way to increase one's own life force through struggle.

Sandra Harding, a feminist theorist, further rebelled against Tempels by linking feminist and African struggles: "We [women and Africans] are different, not primarily by nature's design, but as a result of the social subjugations we have lived through and continue to experience." Both women and Africans are similarly characterized by systemic sexism and racism: women as emphasizing love, caring, and compassion over rationality. Africans as primitive, intuitive beings. The most direct route to unified liberation of women and African-Americans is through the establishment of institutions that raise pride and promote respect for inherent human dignity.

If anyone still nods when it is said that there are inherent social differences between sexes and races, Jean Grae is a razor blade hidden in their candy apple. Prior to her three solo records (all released in the last three years), Jean Grae had the nickname "Come Queen" for her multitude of appearances on other rappers' records. Her collaborations carry the same honesty that her solo records contain. Some brilliant examples are the song "Black Girl Pain" on Talib Kweli's *Beautiful Struggle* where she aids his illustration of the hardships of African-American women, and on the Roots album *The Tipping Point* where she combines her talents with Black Thought's as they explain their jobs as free-thinking emcees on "Somebody's Gotta Do It." On her solo records, her lyrical flow stitches together songs that alternate between groove-heavy bass lines, crashing drums, and straight head-nodding hip-hop. Occasionally, she replaces the standard falsetto of female back-up singers with a choir of baritone male thugs. If there are inherent differences between the genders and the races, and if Black and female encompass so much that it is to be desired, what remains the sole property of the white male? Once Jean Grae delivers, you're forced to confront her skin-off humanity, backed by resolute bones, wherein lies the same marrow that Apartheid chased.



This is a picture of Zachary Goelman opening his mouth next to a cardboard cutout of Lindsay Lohan.

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Last night I dreamt a banjo saved my life

As told to Val Cormier by Trish Klein

Last March, Val Cormier interviewed Klein (best known as a founding member of the Be Good Tanyas) about her newest side-project-turned-success, Po' Girl, and her formative experiences of music and community. Founded in the wake of the Tanyas' sometimes stifling popularity, Po' Girl embodies Klein's desire to get back to the creativity and community that brought her to where she is today.

The piece originally aired as part of CTR's special International Women's Day programming. We are happy to present the following excerpts from Val's interview.

Trish: Po' Girl's history goes back about seven years now. I met Allison [Russell] at this house we both used to live at, which was actually an eight or nine bedroom house around 29th and Main. It was a total artist/musician crash house. Allison was new to Vancouver and I had just moved back here from Nelson, where I was going to music school. That was around the time the Be Good Tanyas formed as well. Then we both watched each other as musicians in the scene, and liked each other's stuff. Maybe four years later we ran into each other on Commercial Drive. I spontaneously asked her if she wanted to start a project with me. I said, "I've been playing old jazz tunes," and she said, "I really want to get back into the clarinet." I had always had this fantasy of being in a prohibition-era jazz band. I was fascinated by 1920's New Orleans blues and jazz at that point. That was the original collaboration. We researched old songs together and did a lot of old jazz covers. We did a demo of that stuff, but it very quickly evolved into a writing project for both of us as we began sharing our songs with each other.

We decided to do a recording of this new material. We did it while the Be Good Tanyas were still touring, finding a week here or there to do a show or do some recording while I was in the middle of this grueling tour schedule. We actually put the Po' Girl debut album together in about four days, running between Baker Street Studios and our friend's basement. That album was distributed by Festival Records and ended up being picked up by an American label and a UK label. Just after we put the debut album out, we met Diana [Davies], who is now the third member.

Our history goes back about five years, from the time when I was touring in California with the Be Good Tanyas and ran into Diana playing in Santa Cruz with a band called the Red-Eyed Rounders. Her old bandmate, Anna, is now sort of a Po' Girl as well, playing bass with us. So they came to our show and I kept seeing Diana—and Anna—playing in all sorts of projects, playing with Carolyn Mark, Ford Piac, Geoff Berner, Rae Spoon. Diana's an incredible fiddler and multi-instrumentalist. I really liked her energy so I tracked her down and emailed her and invited her to join Po' Girl. She played a show in Victoria with us and has played every show with us since.

Immediately, we felt all that this was the connection we were looking for, in terms of musicianship and personality. We bonded on so many levels, because of all these congruencies with our histories. We all share weirdly similar pasts. Allison and Diana both have adoption histories, and we all have a history being street kids as teenagers, being runaways, living on the margins and being part of the punk rock

community. Me and Diana both came to folk music by way of punk rock. She had grown up playing fiddle—she was a fiddle prodigy as a child, but gave it up as a teenager. She was living on the streets, doing all kinds of illegal and terrible things to get by. A woman working at a drop-in centre in Quebec city bought her a second-hand fiddle as a present when Diana was seventeen. She started playing again, busking with it. Later she walked into a royal conservatory, auditioned, and got a full scholarship. The fiddle basically pulled her off the streets. It brought her back. Now it's taken her around the world.

I had a similar music-saving-my-life experience. [When I was younger] I was just so fucked-up and didn't give a shit about anything or myself. Then I discovered one folk club that basically became my home. This was in Winnipeg. It was a place for me to go at night. I would stay there until four in the morning. They had live music seven nights a week, touring bands, a house band, open mic nights. It was that rich folk music community that was a saving grace in my life.

Allison also had a very similar experience growing up in Montreal. She left home at fifteen and began haunting an Irish folk club. Her biological grandmother, who partially raised her, taught her a lot of Scottish folk tunes. So she was really drawn to the Celtic music scene. She lived at that folk club for the last few years of high school and had her first performances there.

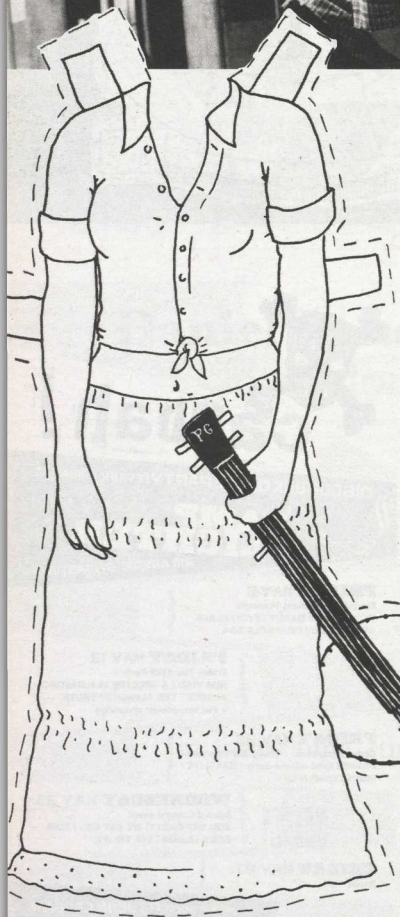
That's how the band came together. We've been touring a lot, we put out a second album, and now we're working on our third. It's an uphill struggle to make this project happen but we're a very loving family for each other, and I think we have a really deep understanding of where we're all coming from.

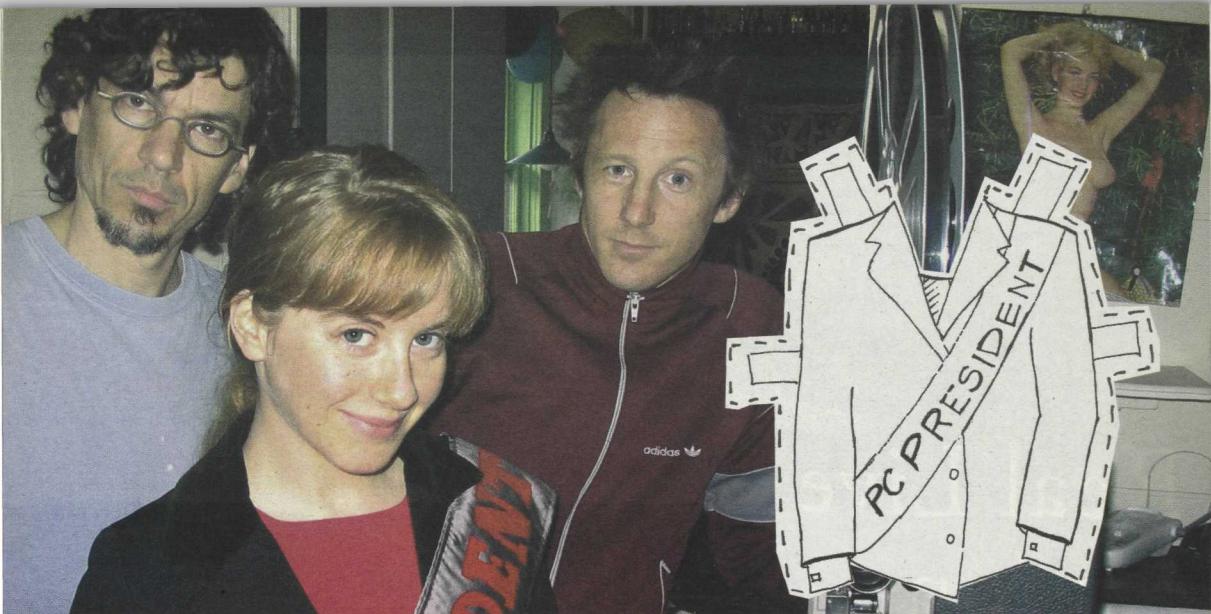
[...] Maybe being in a predominantly female band is nice for us because we all have an understanding of what it's like to grow up in patriarchal culture. We all have an awareness of how much negative conditioning women receive, especially in industries that are male dominated. I think now women growing up now, who want to be musicians, get a lot more positive reinforcement than we did as children. There were definitely some female role models when I was growing up, but there weren't many female guitar players, for example, or instrumentalists, or women on the technical side of music. Or the business side. I think that's changing a lot. There're lots and lots of women out there, and it's less of a "thing" to be girls in a band.

[...] In both bands I've felt really rewarded when young women approach me and say "I started playing guitar because of you," or "I started playing banjo because of you." So many women have said "I started playing banjo because of you!" I've probably got that at least a dozen times. Actually, the other day, me and Frazey [Ford] and Sam [Parton, both of the Be Good Tanyas] were in Caté Monmartre and this young woman came up to us. She was nineteen, maybe twenty. She was freaking out that we were there. Apparently, she has a band that does Be Good Tanyas covers. I would just love to hear those songs, you know?



This is a sticker-picture of Val Cormier with a picture of a cardboard cutout of Lindsay Lohan placed atop it.





The Royal Vancouver Porn Society

Article and Photo by Rob Brownage

It's a beautiful spring evening in a pleasant neighbourhood just off Main Street. Inside a typical old East Van house, fifteen people fill the living room, seated in an assortment of second-hand couches and chairs. A 16mm film projector whirs into action, and an old home-movie screen lights up with a film title: *Hot Rockets* starring Candida Royale. This month's meeting of the Royal Vancouver Pornographic Society (R.V.P.S.) has begun.

The grand tradition of society groups dates back to 1660, when Sir Robert Doyle and other famous thinkers founded the Royal Society in Britain to further the pursuit of science. Since then, countless societies have formed, focused on geography, literature and everything in between.

Porn still remains on the outer fringes of polite society, but the R.V.P.S. is bringing porn out of the cultural closet. Upon first hearing of the R.V.P.S., one might picture a group of horny, middle-aged men watching porn in private, and then meeting to discuss it like some creepy book club. Instead, it's a diverse group of everyday people who make watching porn a tongue-in-cheek social event. The purpose is not arousal, but—as the group puts it—fun. Even more surprising: the person behind the R.V.P.S. is a woman.

"Attention everyone. I hereby call this meeting of the Royal Pornographic Society to order." Twenty-eight year old Robyn Volk presides over the meeting. She wears a dark suit, signifying tonight's importance. Her trademark fanny pack is, as always, around her waist. Thick blonde curls flow down over a silver beauty pageant style sash with the word "President" in bold red letters. This reminds everyone that Robyn is founder and president of the R.V.P.S.

R.V.P.S. meetings are held once a month in Robyn's home, which she has nicknamed The Manor. The night begins like any other social event, with a mixed crowd gathering at the house: men, women, gals, straights, professionals, artists and students, most in their twenties and thirties. Cookies and tea are served; people mingle and chat. Then the official meeting begins, as Robyn reads last month's minutes and discusses new business such as

upcoming events. Finally it's time for the main event: watching porn.

The film shown tonight is not some modern, no-plot sex video, it's a vintage 16mm film from the 1970s, and it's given a comical introduction by R.V.P.S. Secretary Sean Q. Long. This cheesy film, with its awkward dialogue and bizarre storyline (about a posh tennis club where the term "grand-slam" gets a new meaning), is perfect fare for the raucous heckling that ensues. Attendees call out during the film, making jokes and hilarious critiques.

With its cookies and tea, meeting agendas, and official titles such as "founder and president," the R.V.P.S. makes many ironic nods to the traditions of royal societies. As "secretary" Sean charismatically states, that's exactly the point.

"The whole reason for having a formal porn club was simply the ludicrousness of taking pornography and having an interest group," explains Sean, a thirty-something filmmaker. "You think of interest groups as organized committees with political objectives. So what more of a ridiculous organization could there be than a society dedicated to the watching of porn?"

The humour and irony of the R.V.P.S. is demonstrated by the e-mails promoting their events. A recent invite reads: *By personal request of Robyn Volk, serving president of the Royal Vancouver Pornographic Society, we are pleased to present a small historical sampling of gay male pornography. We will view clips from a selection of films, discuss the genre with our panel of esteemed researchers, and of course have tea and cookies. Ah, the history of smut is one of the few things as entertaining as smut itself. So join us—won't you?*

If you do join the R.V.P.S., expect a highly organized affair. "Each meeting has a focused theme, so everything we show or talk about relates directly to that," explains Robyn. Past themes have included the gang-bang, cartoon porn, a focus on a director or star, and anti-porn vs. pro-porn propaganda. Tonight's theme is hooked-on-the-classics, and the vintage 70s film is shown in its, er, full length.

According to Robyn, the focus on 16mm films from the 1960s and 1970s is no accident. "I think the new stuff is boring. There's so much bad new porn out there. I like a little bit of plot. Plus with the old stuff you have the kitsch factor of interesting outfits and old furniture!"

But the R.V.P.S. is not just about watching porn at The Manor; special outings are organized as well. Thus far, they have ventured to the Penthouse for amateur strip night, and have twice paid visits to the Pacific Cinematheque to watch art-porn.

The most illustrious outing they have planned is an event they tested at The Manor. "Pomaoke," explains Sean, "is a cross between karaoke and old porn movies. The film is shown silently, and people volunteer to improvise the words and sounds of the red-hot performances. In true porno style, the scenes range from awkward living-room drama to full-throttle action—often in a matter of mere seconds." Always the intrepid trailblazer, Sean proudly boasts, "When we take it out to a bar or a club, we'll have a DJ spinning music for each scene. We're gonna go international with this. I think the interest is there."

The question remains, how did a nice girl like Robyn end up president of the R.V.P.S.? "Sean has a friend, Dimitrios Otis, who is our Archivist. He bought the entire collection of the Venus Theatre's 16mm films," Robyn begins. Sean jumps in, adding, "They had been sitting rotting in a guy's damp garage for five or ten years since the Venus switched to video. Dimitrios felt he had to save them, otherwise they'd end up in the trash." Robyn continues, "We talked about how we'd like to watch the films, and I suggested we start a porn club, because I ran one when I was in college in Red Deer, Alberta. Once a week we got together to either watch porn or see strippers. Anyway, Dimitrios got these films so we started the R.V.P.S."

But does Robyn think it is significant that she, a woman, is the leader of the R.V.P.S.?

"I think it's very important. I am the founder and president because in the end, what I say goes. I wear the sash. I tell Sean, the secretary, what to do and he does it. Besides, if Sean were President

it would be badly run," she quips. In a more serious tone, she adds, "When I tell other girls that I'm the president, they're less threatened, definitely. Girls like to watch porn too, and when they hear how we do it they want to check it out."

This view is echoed by R.V.P.S. regular Cecile Nell, a 29 year old from France who's in Vancouver working in animation. "I went to the porn club because I knew it wouldn't be sleazy. It's more of a fun time. It's great to have Robyn as President because she makes the girls feel comfortable—and the guys too. It's usually 50/50 guys and girls, and she puts everyone at ease. It's great to have another approach to pornography, something that's not taboo. It's a bit liberating as a woman to have this."

As tonight's screening of *Hot Rackets* wraps up, I ask Robyn the classic question: what's her response to critics who would say the R.V.P.S. is contributing to the exploitation of women? Well, it is clearly a non-issue for her. Without the slightest hesitation or concern, she replies, "Even my own mother knows about the R.V.P.S. She not only knows, but also approves and sometimes sends cookies—she's a very good baker. You see, there's too many good cookies and tasty tea served for it to be wrong."

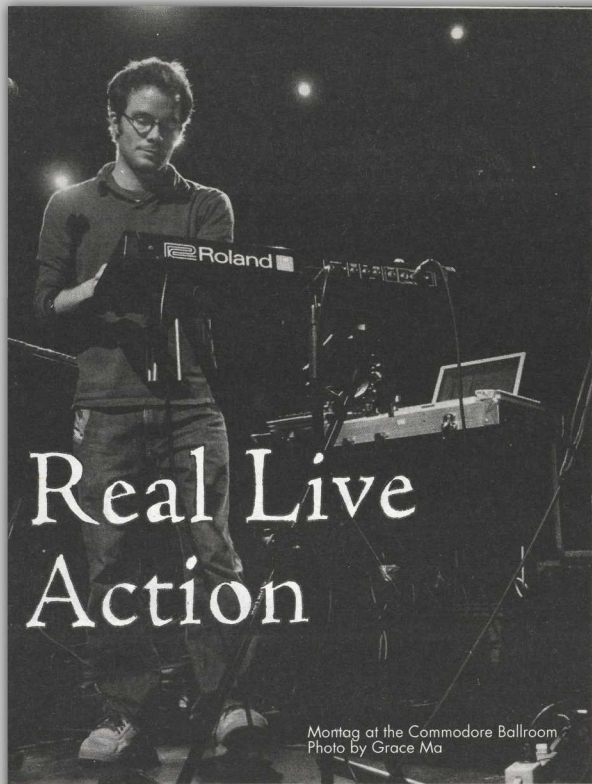
With that, she returns to her duties as founder and president of the R.V.P.S., seeing tonight's guests out the door after a night of good, dirty fun.

TO CONTACT THE ROYAL VANCOUVER PORN SOCIETY, EMAIL THEM WITH YOUR INTERNET DEVICE AT FORNCLUB@TELUS.NET



This is a picture of Rob Brownage giving a cardboard cutout of Lindsay Lohan a "noogie."





Joel Plaskett
Peter Elkas
March 25 & 26
Media Club

Joel Plaskett and Peter Elkas came to the West Coast and bought an old, reliable car to take them across the country. The first stop on the six-week-long journey of touring and travelling was Vancouver, where the pair of musicians played two sold out shows at the Media Club.

Peter Elkas, of the Montreal band **Local Rabbits**, played quiet, beautiful songs from his 2004 solo release *Talent of One*. Elkas' clear voice and impressive talent on guitar and especially piano combined wonderfully, and he ended off his set each night with "Still a Flame", a great lead-in to the performance to follow.

For Joel Plaskett, the first night proved to be an in-depth introduction to his latest album *La De Da*—his first solo release since 1999's *In-Need of Medical Attention*—a bit more upbeat, but just as sophisticated (lyrically and musically) as that release. Plaskett, occasionally joined by flower-bearing Elkas, played nearly every song from the album: catchy songs like "Natural Disaster" and "Television Set" were spread out among the more soft and intense "Happen Now" and "Love This Town" (complete with its shout out to Kelowna, BC, a town Joel Plaskett certainly does not love). He had a very witty story for every song, which he told before, after, and while he played.

Joel Plaskett's second performance was even better than the first. Not only did he play songs from his solo albums, his two albums with **The Emergency**, and several **Thrush Hermil** albums, but he managed to form several motifs with recurring lines and melodies from the songs "I'll Wait" by **Van Halen**, "Sweet Emotion" by **Aerosmith**, "Piano Man" and "Sleeping With the Television On" by **Billy Joel** into his songs. As he did the night before, Joel Plaskett kept the mood light and the performer/audience interaction at an

all-time high for most of the set, by telling hilarious anecdotes delivered with impeccable comedic timing. The mood was only brought down for the more somber songs like "Before You Leave" and "The Day You Walked Away".

The second night ended with Plaskett playing several requests including the "Clueless Wonder" single B-side "Please Don't Return," "All Dressed Up" from the 1994 release *Smart Bomb*, and a special expanded version of his yet-to-be-recorded (and probably will never be) song "Drunk Teenager" in honour of the guy from Nova Scotia who had been kicked out for being intoxicated. There were riffs at the show just like that poor sap, but those of us who were physically capable of listening to the music were treated to yet another enjoyable and musically wondrous Vancouver performance by Joel Plaskett.

Kimberley Day

Ben Lee
Zykos
Har Mar Superstar
March 28
Richard's on Richards

Peter Pan, Elvis Costello and Ron Jeremy walk into a bar...No, this isn't the opening line for some lame joke...these were the after egos that took the stage tonight.

I don't like Mondays. Usually, **Zykos** got to rock off first on this Easter holiday without the bribe of chocolate eggs. With only two-fifths of the band present, they used the vocal stylings of Elvis Costello and classical keyboard chord progression to, the best of their abilities. Their brand of alternative pop-rock that borrowed from a lot of 50s standards was more about storytelling lyrics than catchy hooks. Their material got stronger near the end of their set, enough to get the attention of the crowd. This was the PG-13 portion of the evening.

Har Mar Superstar is Ron Jeremy reincarnated. The viewer discretion sign must have burnt out but Har

Mar's declaration was a good substitute: "I'm gonna fucking make out with every one of you!" And try he did. The mood suddenly changed into some warped turn disco as smoke and people trickled onto the dance floor. His eerie resemblance to the porn star increased as he eventually stripped down to his bare chest. Amongst the ubiquitous "fuck yeahs" and pelvic thrusts, Har Mar and his two-man backup band tore up some high-pitched 80s disco rap funk. Like a deer caught in headlights, it was hard not to stare at his shock antics, ranging from his impromptu dance atop a bar counter, to sprinkling his public hair over the crowd. Tunes like "Body Request" and "DUI" were equally cheesy and over the top. To say that Har Mar is comfortable with his sexuality is an understatement. If you came for a spectacle, you got one.

Welcome to Neverland (no, not the ranch). **Ben Lee** seems to be the Peter Pan of indie pop/rock. The setting was definitely PG: band equipment was adorned with flowers given by crowd members. He had a great group of bandmates, all providing a happy vibe. A lot of the latest release, *Awoke* is the *New Sleep* was performed, including "Begin," with its great bass and drum beat. Lee's warm tenor was strong tonight, working with the electronic beat and keyboard arpeggios of "No Room to Bleed"; he took his time to pause and stretch each syllable. Lee was very (aka)ive, telling stories like make-out rules of a past relationship that resulted in the keyboard pop of "Apple Candy".

The Aussie rocker was very relaxed on stage, briefly stopping his set to do a quick Q&A session. When someone asked, "Were you in Lord of the Rings?" he laughed and asked if he looked like a hobbit. The highlight of the evening resulted from a broken guitar string. Lee had to borrow a guitar and discovered that the strap was too long. Rather than just adjust it, he got a girl from the crowd to be his human guitar stand. Fittingly, his next song was the classic "My Guitar". The current sunny single, "Catch My Disease" was a great way to end the set: a tall guy with a big fro was picked to do the stomp clap rhythm and his smile was infectious. Lee was genuine when he sang, "And the radio doesn't play my songs and that's the way I like it". He doesn't mind Lindsay Lohan either.

Emily Khong

Exclaim! 13th Anniversary
Stars
Montag
Apostle of Hustle
Feist
March 31
Commodore Ballroom

Exclaim! Magazine got some top-notch Canadian indie acts to help celebrate their 13th birthday. The 4-act bill might as well be dubbed "**Broken Social Science**: Redux" since the majority are part of that musical commune.

Up first was **Montag**, a lone Montrealer, in love with love and all things electronic. His gear surrounded him like a fence and included both a Moog and a violin. While his laptop laid out the musical blueprints, it became quite clear that his instrumental pieces were better than his weak and offbeat voice. A female companion rescued a few songs with their duets. The ambient mood music couldn't silence the crowd. The cheese factor curdled when he asked the crowd to visualize that they were sitting on a comfortable sofa as he sang songs like "Scrabble Love". Odd man out tonight. Needs more cowbell.

Apostle of Hustle delivered not one cowbell, but two. The band raised the energy level of the room, aided by members of **Stars** and **Feist** who did the harmonies, horns, clapping and whatever they could get their hands on. The band had a wicked barrage of rhythmic patterns. This was definitely music fit for different moods ranging from shoegazer to poppy rock. Their song about living in suburbia was mellow and melancholy and contrasted with their funky grooved song for going out. A cool solo tune sounded like an updated version of the 50s instrumental classic "Sleepwalker". The performance was tight; it's obvious that they're playing for the emotional effect.

Feast on Feist. She didn't have her drummer with her but she wouldn't need anyone anyway. You have to see it to believe it when catching one of Feist's performances. Playing to strains of Jack Blues

and folk rock, she displayed her mighty skills on a giant guitar that shielded her tiny frame. Her trusty electronic loop pedals and double mics multiplied and overlapped her equally raspy and edgy voice. Thoughts of **Jeff Buckley** surfaced throughout the set. She was having a blast on stage dancing and posing. She also seemed quite surprised at the crowd's knowledge of her material. The strongest number was her cover **Nina Simone**'s "See-Line Woman"; she wailed like she lived in the old South. The new song, "So Sony" was tested out, likely to reappear again if she's content with it. She wasn't entirely alone the whole time; **Apostle of Hustle** and **Stars** took turns to provide back-up and she slapped each one of them on the ass like a proud coach.

The stars came out tonight. Riding on a wave of critical praise, Stars opened their midnight set with "Set Yourself on Fire." For those who caught them back in November, the band was just as good but lacked surprises. It was delightful hearing the sweet toned, two-way monologues of Torquil Campbell and Amy Milan during "The Big Fight." "He Lied About Death" had a revised intro, a killer trio of trumpets and being le adulter, Campbell spat out the words through twisted faces. "One More Night" had the pounding heartbeat bassline and was the climax of the night. Campbell confessed to the crowd that a lot of their songs are "about fucking". The band also tapped into older electronic dance material. The one unexpected moment of Stars' set came up when Campbell noticed a guy holding up his cell phone; he grabbed it and sang into it like a mic, then threw it back into the crowd. For the encore, the romantic ache of "Your Ex-Lover is Dead" came alive with a guest violinist. Lastly, everyone came on stage to play the energetic "The First Five Times". The majority of the crowd stayed until the very (late) end of Stars' set. Happy birthday indeed.

Emily Khong

Raking Bombs
Bakelite
Primes
Parallels
April 01
Lamplighter

The **Parallels**, formerly known as the ska influenced **Woodwinks**, were the first act of the night and quickly got the floor moving with their kinetic brand of grunge rock. Under the threat of a lawsuit by a UK based Woodwinks, they've changed their name and traded in the ska jams for a full on rock assault, tearing through the first half of their set with a brand new batch of barn burners, but also revisiting old favourites later in the night.

Next up was **Primes**, a duo who were all laptop based and rock star posturing. Their bass tone was wicked and the bassist could belt out an ear-jarring scream, but I really couldn't get into them. Late into their set, the front man spilled a beer from the audience and whipped its contents all over the back of the stage in a fit of rock star fury, only to gently put back down the empty glass. That moment summed up how I felt about their performance and music. It was supposed to be confrontational and edgy, but was too calculated to really get much of a reaction one way or the other.

Bakelite followed with a similar focus on electronics but filled out their sound with a live drummer and bass synth. They weren't bad, but more energy would have been cool.

Raking Bombs headlined, and after recently losing their drummer, this was their first hometown show with their new lineup. With the singer now pulling double duty on guitars and vocals, and the former guitarist taking up the kit, a monolithic wall of electronic manipulation immediately signaled that the new Bombs were a radically different beast. Having shed their post-hardcore skin, now pummeling **Lighning Bolt** bass lines were devoured by clouds of **Morbidion** schizophrenic shards only to be spat out again as art-damaged disco beats. Awesome. The sheer weight of the rhythm section pinned down the chaos, giving it purpose and direction. For all the arty flourishes, it remained a visceral experience, and it was great to see Raking Bombs reinvent themselves, only to rise from the ashes more powerful than ever.

Ben Fussell

Death From Above 1979

controller, controller
Elizabeth
April 02
Mesa Luna

The kids were out in full force for this dance-rock matinee, making for a long and uncomfortable lineup outside before everyone could finally get in. When they did, over half an hour later than scheduled, **Elizabeth** promptly dove into the opening set. Their intense, hard-hitting post-punk reminded me of **Bloc Party**, but with more riff and less twang in the guitars. The crowd was passively appreciative; when singer/guitarist Reggie Gill urged the crowd to "feel free to dance to these last few songs" near the end, only a select few took up his offer.

Later on, spooky synth effects emanating from the speakers signaled that **controller, controller** was about to take the stage. Frontwoman Nirmala Bosnyak seemed too punky and animated to meet the Ian Curtis comparisons she has received; she strutted and pranced energetically to the dark, bass-driven post-disco played by her bandmates. (However, it was interesting to note the bassist's **Unknown Pleasures** shirt...coincidence?) Dancing broke out early and often, but turned rather aggressive when some songs climaxed in **Panthers**-like walls of sound.

Thanks to c.c., a lot of people were partly worn out when **Death From Above 1979** hit, but there was no stopping the explosion of energy when the first notes of "Turn It Out" kicked in. The two-piece was exactly as you'd expect them to be live: crashing drums colliding with majesty fuzzed-out bass to form riffs that are as heavy as they are catchy. The dancing didn't stop, and neither did the crowd-surfing—until some kid landed right in front of the drum kit. The music cut off right away, and Sebastian proceeded to lecture the audience about being stupid. Lots of people clapped, but it was the wrong reaction; he responded with an annoyed "No, don't clap. It's just common sense." From there, it was evident that the band was less-than-pleased with the crowd: banter was at a minimum compared to their last Mesa Luna gig, and the whole concert ended with Sebastian quipping, "Good night...now go and do your homework." Maybe if some teens had done their homework instead of attending, the overall vibe might have been better, but DFA79 still managed to prove that they can rock hard enough for any crowd, at any venue.

Simon Foreman

Queens of the Stone Age
Throw Rag
April 13
Queen Elizabeth Theatre

Anyone who likes it heavy was at the Queen E. for this, the first real rock show in Vancouver in quite some time (no **Velvet Revolver** doesn't count). Burly trucker types, teen skaters, and mainstream-rude devotees were all ready for Josh Homme & co.'s desert-scorched riff-fest to wash over their eardrums; but first, those who arrived on time had to endure openers **Throw Rag**, replacements for the originally planned **Eagles of Death Metal**.

Where the Eagles' mock-glam guitar grooves would have been a perfect appetizer, **Throw Rag** and their brand of "solar rock" just wasn't the same. They played fairly bland, Warped Tour-style punk, fronted by a lead singer with overstated flamboyance, sailor hat, and drowned-out vocals. Comic relief came when the portly washboard player (I) invited a kid from the crowd onstage; he got more sincere cheers than the actual band. I doubt the guy's up saw earlier in the **Lamb of God** hoodie was very impressed.

But all was forgiven as soon as **Queens of the Stone Age** launched into a mesmerizing performance. Stripped of clean studio production, their trademark driving rhythms took on a low end and a force that just doesn't come across on record. Josh's mouth, dreamy vocals floated above the rhythmic mash of guitar, bass, and drums. A lot of the enjoyment came from having the hard-rocking chords pounding in your ribcage, but no one complained when things sometimes took a psychedelic twist. "No One Knows" and closer "Regular John" contained amazing

parts that were each over seven minutes long, demonstrating how easily the Queens can abandon structure and just go with the flow (get it?).

The group rolled through track after track from each of their four albums with confidence and attitude, but the sheer volume and power of their live setup gave new life to everything from "The Last Art of Keeping a Secret" to the ubiquitous new single, "Little Sister." Alternate singer and former **Scumming** Josh member Mark Lanegan was missing in action, but Treb picked up the vocal slack during the hazy sway of "Song for the Dead" without missing a strum. Meanwhile, the perpetually stilled Troy Van Leeuwen slipped and slid in his white shoes as he worked both traditional and slide guitars, and drummer Joey Castillo's ferocity and brawn proved him to be a **Grohl** for modern times.

Wherever he was, I'm sure that by the end of the two-song encore, the **Lamb of God** guy was smiling.

Simon Foreman

Margaret Cho
April 15
QE Theatre

Jon Stewart has killed stand-up comedy. Or, at least, he put a serious damper on a certain subgenre of topical, current-affairs-oriented comedic commentary.

Don't get me wrong—I love **The Daily Show** and think Stewart is just what the doctor ordered—but he has a certain advantage over most stand-up comedians: he gets to comment on most new items while they're still hot, often within hours of their occurrence. By contrast, while most stand-ups are constantly developing new material, it's virtually impossible for them to have more than a joke or two pertaining to the last few days. So if their stock in trade is political or news-based comedy, Stewart has probably beaten them to the punchline.

While I wouldn't necessarily have dubbed **Margaret Cho** a news-item comedienne in the past, she seems to be moving in that direction; as you might guess from my preamble, it's not entirely successful. While her jokes about **Dubya**, **Condoleezza**, **Dick Cheney**, **David Beckham**, and the **Pope** were funny, their slighty stale feeling can only be attributed to the fact that we've already laughed at the same foibles several times over thanks to Jon. Jokes based on genuinely stale references such as **Björk's** swan dress at the Grammys many years ago didn't help.

Another gripe: while the self-proclaimed "fog whisperer" knows how to tailor her material to her audience, her tendency to say emphatically pro-gay statements is less successful when they're platitudes. The slightly uncomfortable lack of a response when Cho paused after saying "being gay isn't a choice!" did not reflect disagreement; rather, it was the predominantly gay audience's apparent surprise at her bawling to regale them with such a line when she was so clearly preaching to the converted (if you'll excuse an inappropriate turn of phrase).

With all that said, have I mentioned that it was a riot? With her signature loud, crass style, Cho kept the whole room laughing from start to finish. As usual, she pushed the boundaries of sexual explicitness, making even the ultra-liberal audience periodically choke in disbelief. (I was genuinely concerned about the health of the octogenarian couple two rows in front of me, who I was sure had to be there in error, but they appeared to survive the night.) She kept references to her mother—many people's favourite Cho bits—to a brief-but-hilarious astral-projection story, not surprising given that her mother survived a heart attack last year, which can't have inspired much joke writing.

When she was on, she was on. While I still find her funny when she talks about herself rather than current affairs, many of her topical bits were both funny and bitterly insightful. On the subject of pharmacists refusing to dispense birth control "on conscience" while serving up the Viagra left and right, for example, she was spot on: "Doesn't it make more sense to take the bullets out of the gun than to wear a bullet-proof vest? Especially if it's an old, rusty musket..." Pure Cho.

Mo Meht

Alexisinfire
Rise Against
The Fulfillment
April 16
Commodore Ballroom

Because of the recent onslaught of final exams at UBC, I almost forgot to show up to this gig. OOPS. So, I walked into the Commodore 20 minutes late, and who's the first person that I see? Why, it's media icon, **George Stroumboulopoulos**, surrounded by fans—his fans. I actually couldn't tell if they were there for the bands, or were just stalking Mr. S.

Because of my tardiness, I only caught the last song from **The Fulfillment**, which reminded me of **Belvedere** or **Propagandhi**. But those Canadian punksters did not fail to impress. How they managed to go completely insane on stage and still play properly is beyond my understanding.

I was actually under the impression that **Rise Against** were the headliners of this show, but it turns out I was mistaken. Although slightly disappointed by the short length of their set, I still enjoyed their onstage energy. As they played songs from their latest, *Siren Song of the Counter Culture* (which was recorded in BC), and also 2003's *Revolutions Per Minute*, fans did not hesitate to sing along and form what was, quite possibly, the biggest circle pit I've ever witnessed. I was unfortunately stuck beside a large man who decided to continually pound his fist in the air. 2 inches too close to my head. At one point, he even put down his beer to get both fists going.

What can I say about **Alexisinfire** that you probably don't already know? I wasn't even going to play for their set, but previous recommendations from **Chris-a-rific** convinced me otherwise. There were coherent lyrics, screaming, and erotic body movements, much like **Ateury**, **Avenged Sevenfold**, or **Coheed and Cambria**. The band played most of their songs from their latest release, *Watch Out!* and a few from their self-filled debut. During the encore, guitarist, Dallas Green, performed "Side Walk When She Walks" solo and acoustic, which was a nice deviation from the norm.

Despite the bands' extremely short sets, I actually did enjoy this scream-and-dance fest. I also learned that this type of music especially appeals to large amounts of kids whose wardrobes consist of only black logo tees.

Marielle K.

Steve Vai
Eric Sardinas
April 23
Commodore Ballroom

Opener **Eric Sardinas** can best be described as a less laid-back **Stevie Ray Vaughan**. Or maybe Stevie when he was still on the blow. His mix of aggressive blues and incredible chops had most of the crowd cheering, save that one guy who kept yelling, "Where's Steve Vai? You SUCK!" I was pretty impressed with Sardinas' playing and music, but not so much with some of his antics. Dude, the lightning your guitar on fire thing was done already. And you're not **Jimi Hendrix**, so the 30 second flame thing just doesn't impress us. Ditto the spilling beer at the tension and pitch high points of your solos—that just reminds me of something **Frank Zappa** wrote about wanking guitarists and that makes me drift off into Zappaland instead of paying attention to you. Plus, Sebastian Bach of **Skid Row** used to get far greater beer-as-egaculate bawls for the buck when masturbating on an actual beer bottle 15 years ago, so that's been done to death too. Stick to your own music and chops without the ripped off antics as you did in the first 45 minutes of your set, and you're much better off and more entertaining. And one more thing—when you turn the guitar volume off and try to sing away from the mic, no one can hear you, even those of us 15 feet away. Don't bother.

Anyway, the yelling guy soon got his wish and **Steve Vai** came on and smoked out axes with his unbelievable musical prowess for the next two and a half hours plus an encore, including a half hour acoustic set in the middle. His band was spectacular also, and each of them got to show off just how awesome they are in a series of solos that kept the crowd on the edge of their seats. The whole show was a series of highlights, so it's hard to pick out

just a couple, but certainly the performance of "The Audience is Listening" complete with sampled teacher's voice was loads of fun, and the encore version of "My Guitar Wants to Kill Your Mama" featuring Sardinas was also great, although I preferred bassist Billy Sheehan's guitar solo to Sardinas' (then again, I've always been partial to Mr. Big). Material was covered from all eras of Vai's career, and Vai put on his usual mugging and smirking humorous spiels for the audience. At least those were his own antics, and were in keeping with the music. Kids who want to grow up to be rock stars—pay close attention, you can learn a lot. Just remember to come up with your own routines, not Jimi's.

Vampyra Draculea

The Donnas
The Sights
Riff Rattles
April 23
Richard's On Richards

Our local trio of rockin' ladies stepped up to bat first and played a solid set of crunchy pop tunes reminiscent of what our headlines used to sound like so it was nice to see the contrast and with nary a mistake as new bassist Natasha (also of **The Nons**) plowed through what was her first show with her new bandmates. They also graced us with some new songs, of which "Bandana" stood out with its **Ramones**-like guitar leads and snappy drumming. Hopefully they'll have some new recordings in the works to tide us over, as Vancouver doesn't often get to see these girls in action.

The Sights have seen their fair share of Vancouver fans grow, as their appearance on this bill is now lucky number four and the trio was definitely on top of their game with swirling organ dominating a majority of the set from these Detroit practitioners of soulful garage noise. Choosing to stick to material from their recently released album (and regrettably omitting their prior album) was, I think, a mistake, because there are some damn good tunes on *Got What We Want* that would have fit nicely between newer songs like "Circus" and "Sticks and Stones" (the set's closer), but they did reach way back to their debut for a cut, so I digress. The drums were mixed awkwardly too as I couldn't really hear the cymbals and snare, but the bass drum was punching a hole in my gut with each kick. Whatever. The Sights kicked ass and look names (on their mailing list of course).

Last time I saw **The Donnas**, I was a bit choked by the way they took some the older songs and slowed them down to the pace of newer songs so they could attempt to create some flow to the entire set. Well, they did it again and while it worked for some points in the set, I just wished they had a pitch control knob I could turn to speed up tunes like "It's On The Rocks", 'cuz they just felt the time sluggish. They did have some new tricks up their sleeves though, as singer Brett (they've dropped the familiar Donna moniker don'tcha know) actually uses an ear monitor so she can...wait for it...SING! And what's this, she's playing piano? Yesiree, she sat down at a Fender Rhodes to tickle the ivories on a couple of numbers including "Hook It Up". The star of the show was undoubtedly guitarist Alison, whose skills have grown incredibly over time. Barely breaking a sweat and uttering only a whisper during their set, she set the room on fire particularly on "O'Clock In The Morning" where she gave us a little schooling in Angus Young 101. As she left the stage, she gave a wink to the crowd that knocked the male attendees on their collective behinds.

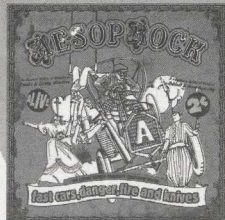
Drummer Tony was the comedy relief portion, making faces and hopping off her throne with each thwack of a cymbal, and bassist Maya was the robust anchor, with her time to shine allotted to the boss solo start of "Don't Break Me Down" and a quick **Michael Jackson** joke. Slicking mostly to tunes off **Gold Medal**, they did track the Donnasolics to some classics like "You Make Me Hot," but in the end the new tunes like "Fall Behind Me" and "It Takes One To Know One" seemed to garner the biggest response. In the end, new fans left converted, older fans left content, and The Donnas left exhausted.

Bryce Dunn



Under Review

by the listeners



Aesop Rock
Fast Cars, Danger, Fire and Knives
(Def Jux)

Aesop Rock's latest release proves that intelligent, homegrown rap is too often being passed up for mindlessly listenable material; mark my words, the amount hype over U.K. grime or any beat that **Kanye West** farts out for whatever emcee will pay him enough (ahem, *The Game*) is disproportionate to the depth of the talent puddle that mainstream rap is drawing from right now. The circus handbill layout sums up the album nicely—Aesop is demonstrating his freakishly acrobatic affinity for wordplay and the thick book of lyrics to every song from every Aesop album from "Flat" to "Fast Cars" helps clarify his difficult to decipher delivery.

Clicking in at just over 30 minutes, *Fast Cars* is a succinct release from one of the more challenging emcees to emerge within the last 5 years or so. Of course, Aesop has been criticized for an obscurity that at times slips into nonsense, but rarely does it interfere with a song's given message. Aesop is jumping back and forth over the personal/impersonal fence on every one of his albums, and in every one of his songs. "Holy Smokes" is an assertion of Aesop's religious stance, an issue that anyone who considers "broader-questions" (pardon the cliché) can relate to. Aesop's message is clear enough, but it is wrapped up in his signature bizarre word associations, that only at times take away from the value of his songs. Much of the album follows suit (i.e., "Food, Clothes, Medicine" and "Winners Take All"), and each song serves as a microcosm for Aesop's aim which seems to balance an obvious social awareness with challenging and obscure word associations.

This album is by no means a novelty. The themes tackled, the hardness of Aesop's rhymes (coupled with input from guests **Camuoto** [S.A. Smash], **El-P** [those of you who've become acquainted with *Prefuse*'s new album should be familiar with El by now] **Cage** and **Metro** [Camu's SA Smash counterpart], and some beats courtesy of **Blackhead**, **Rob Sonic** and Aesop himself that will get those heads knocking, leave the listener with a good, gritty New York taste that will likely linger longer on the palates of hip-hop fans than the blandness of the multitudes of mainstream rappers that remain uninspired.

Mike Barrow

Keren Ann
Nolita
(Blue Note Records)

When I played this album at work, my

co-worker Alex described it as sounding "post-coital." I thought it was going to put me to sleep. What this says about my sensitivity as a lover, I'm not sure.

The word I would use to describe French singer-songwriter Keren Ann's *Nolita* would be "unremarkable." The music is pleasing and Keren Ann's breathy, sleepy vocals are lovely, but nothing about Keren Ann's approach seems very original. **Felst**, **Cat Power** and **Stina Nordenstam** all come to mind here—which is a good thing—but there's nothing much that would make me want to listen to this album over those by similar artists.

There are standout tracks, like "Greatest You Can Find," which nicely showcases Keren Ann's voice, and "Midi Dans Le Salon De La Duchesse," a French language track (of which there are four on the album), which chugs along nicely, greeted occasionally by steel guitar. There's one doozy, the album's closer, a spoken word number performed by some guy who was in some movies, about a troubled young woman deemed "the patron saint of 23rd street." Maybe this has something to do with the *Nolita* thing. (Is 23rd Street in *Nolita*? I don't know New York. These cultural references are lost on me.) Anyways, the track's sort of silly and an off-note to end the album with.

As for the other songs, who knows? If you can stay awake after sex, maybe this album's for you. Personally, I'll stick with drunken snoring.

Duncan



Fiona Apple
Extraordinary Machine
(Sony, if they ever get around to releasing it)

Fiona Apple's third album was shelved more than a year ago by Sony, but a certain renegade DJ in Seattle has been playing it on the at night, and it is available on the internet from sources like www.torrentsp.com. *Extraordinary Machine* may not have any obvious singles, but it certainly is a stunning piece of work for Fiona Apple. Her voice is as sexy as ever as she sings in that offbeat vocal style that makes her unique. Less radio-friendly than *Tidal* or *When The Pawn...* it sounds like a Fiona version of Broadway show tunes. Not that there aren't stand-out tracks—they're just so foreign from anything that would usually be played on mainstream radio. The title track is a delightfully playful little song about the artist's personal perseverance. A new level of maturity shows in Fiona's songwriting. Certain music executives should recognize it

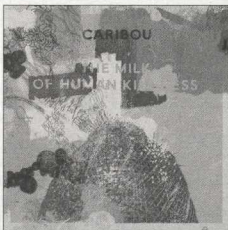
and just release the album, dammit.
Jordie Sparkle



British Sea Power
Open Season
(Rough Trade)

I like this album. I really do. It's a very good record. In fact, songs like the anthemic "Please Stand Up" and "Be Gone" are some of the better songs of their kind I've heard this year. *Open Season* is a bit of a grower, and I have to say, I found myself liking it more and more with repeated listens, telling people to check it out and so on. And then...my growing admiration plateaued. There seemed to be nothing new to discover with more listens. Like I said, this is a good album: very melodic, unpretentious guitar rock, and usually this wouldn't bother me at all. The thing is, for this record, it's frustrating. You can hear the possibility for more. You can tell that they were just short of turning this above-average album into a fantastic one. I read write-ups and reviews of *Open Season*, justifying this by lauding the band's "restraint." What are they restraining? Why are they holding back? This record is just a bit of oomph away from being stellar. Hopefully this will happen for the next record. If so, then I can see *Open Season* turning into a more cherished album in retrospect, the jewel before the real treasure.

Robert Feldman



Caribou
The Milk of Human Kindness
(Domino)

When I saw *Manitoba* play last year I was floored. While a little psychedelic, *Up In Flames*—the album the band was touring at the time—seemed clean and dreamy. The live show, however, was dirty and loud. And while the name *Manitoba* has been dropped (due to a legal dispute with some Dick), the newly named Caribou has retained the messiness of their live show on the bombastic new

album *The Milk of Human Kindness*, an 11-song collection that whirs and screams and hums and bangs. The album is inventive and unpredictable, veering off on tangents and slowly reconnecting disparate sounds, yet manages to avoid sounding forced or jarring. It finds pockets and windows for intimacy, making room for Dan Snaith's hushed and tender voice, particularly on "Tell," the album's first single, and "Hello Hammerheads." Basically, the album's solid gold and you will love it.

Duncan



The Ditty Bops
S/T
(Warner Brothers)

The Ditty Bops sound like two best friends caught in a sticky situation in some radio bar, in one of those universes where you can sing your way out of trouble, like in *Adventures in Babysitting*, or *Crossroads*. In order to save themselves from mortal peril, two Los Angeles gals leap on the stage, pull out banjos and mandolins, and play through a bunch of high-energy, old-time ballads and rags, get everyone a-dancin', distract the bad guys, and make a break for their freedom and their lives.

With twelve sweet little ditties—these gals certainly have named their output appropriately—the Ditty Bops play with a variety of music forms. They do country square-dance songs, sad ballads, show-tunes-y numbers, and bouncy jigs. This is an album full of cutesy musings like, "Why can't little kids live their shoes?" (Why can't white people play the blues?) instructional advice, lost love, and a bit of jealousy. Thankfully the jealousy is all staged, taken from the 1919 jazz classic "Sister Kate" and is not best friend jealousy. No Sirel! The Ditty Bops are totally together on this one, singin' their way out of trouble and into a world where the banjo is mightier than the sword.

Dory Kornfeld

Great Lakes Swimmers
Bodies and Minds
(Weewerk)

This album is the wet dream that a lot of you more subdued readers have been having for a while now, but haven't been able to quite realize. Considered Toronto's answer to the **Red House Painters**, **Rich Drake**, and etc... **Neil Young**, the Great Lakes Singers have returned on their second album to the atmospheric folk that got them voted the best folk/roots artists in 2004's Canadian Independent Music Awards (though where their first album was recorded in a deserted grain silo, this one was recorded in a lakeside

rural church, giving it, like, a totally different flavour). For those wary of yet more "folk/roots Canadiana," you can also have the comfort of knowing that the Great Lakes Swimmers' lap steel guitarist is none other than the Constellations Records rising star, **Palmo Palmo**, and that *Bodies and Minds* was engineered and mixed by the same guy who works with the **Constellations** and **Royal City**. That's not to say that this is the best and end all album to come out in the past decade, though. While apparently more varied than their first album, *Bodies and Minds* still never quite reaches the intensity of any of the above-mentioned acts, even in its loudest moments, but instead finds its greatest strength in the quiet moments where there are chirping crickets in the background, and Tony Dekker's plaintive singing seeps into the head, making everything else wait on the backburner.

Soren Bras

Valery Gore
S/T
(Six Shooter Records)

Valery Gore certainly has a neat name, a name that sounds like something you'd see on a green sign on the side of the highway, like "Valery Gore 12 miles." You'd drive by it, briefly consider taking the turnoff, and then you'd forget about it almost completely until maybe three years later you'll be reading a novel and two characters will go visit Valery Gore and you'll think, "Why does that seem so familiar?"

In real life, Valery Gore is Toronto-based piano-player and singer-songwriter who has just released her first album. And she does seem sort of familiar. The **Fiona Apple**/**Tori Amos** comparisons are the obvious ones to make, and they're not inaccurate. Her piano playing is jaunty and energetic and her voice is smooth with warbles in all the right places. The songs are the album are pretty and pleasing, but almost too much so. The Fiona Apple elements lack the angst and torture (and Valery even looks genuinely happy in all the CD-sleeve photos), and the Tori Amos-y bits come through in repeated melodies up in the high notes, but have none of the haunting secrets that Tori conceals and reveals so well.

Still, this album is good. Valery's lyrics are thoughtful and un-lower. She sings about how fantasy relationships will age on "Dancing" and the personalities years on "Augustine" with lines like "you are my 1952." There is even a sweetly nostalgic super-Canadian song called "CBC" on the record that touches on the distance between people in a very large country. I think that Valery Gore would be a very worthwhile act to catch live, something I'd like to stand up close to the stage for, in the hopes that she makes great faces and does really sexy things with her legs under her piano.

Dory

Maplewood Lane
The Golden Skies
(Annielade Records)

Memory and music go hand-in-hand, one recalling the other. The first time I listened to *The Golden Skies* EP, it conjured

up images of winter nights spent in front of a hearth with close friends. The music of Maplewood Lane feels well worn, with the nostalgia of a sepia-toned print.

This EP builds upon their earlier material, applying a subtle yet lush ambience of swooping guitar effects, organs, omnichord and other instrumentation to dress-up Maplewood's acoustic pop. Perhaps this is the problem with this album—on first listen, I could have sworn that I had heard it before. This is not necessarily a fault, as it sounds like a lot of my favorite music; I am a sucker for subdued music and this release has me locked in.

Rebecca Rowan is the songwriter and vocalist, propelling the group with her genteel voice. She carries the group, comprised of siblings from two families, through a trio of easy three-minute pop ditties to start off. It is with the fourth song, "Tears," that the band is let loose. The brooding centerpiece allows the music to run its course. Thick atmospheric guitars quickly build to the point of domination before the song transitions to a solid download.

After another two songs, twenty-three minutes in total, *The Golden Skies* is complete. It is a quick listen that is really nothing new; nevertheless I recommend it to anyone else who is a bleeding-hearted dupe for acoustic pop.

Rick Vugteveen

The Nein
Wrath Of Circuits
(Sonic Unyon)

Minimalists they are not. The Nein have no shortage of ideas, moving from one to the other without blinking an eye. On their latest release, *Wrath Of Circuits*, they introduce the willing listener to a large variety of sounds and samples, found throughout this album in their postpunk-

flavoured songs.

Second track "Foreign Friendster," for instance, is a feast for the ears. It is typical of how the different sounds are melded into the song, rather than put in simply as gratuitous blasts of superfluous junk. It's not totally unlike what *Disco Inferno* did in the mid-90's, although not quite as front-and-centre as with that band.

A good example of how they bring their many ideas to the table without sounding overblown is the eerie "Jim Morrison in Desert." It starts with a simple, slow bass guitar line and perfectly placed sax horns and clarinets. It builds gradually with a nice-and-creepy piano, then kicking in with drums and quiet stabs of distorted guitar. This leads into the title track, completely frenetic by comparison. It sounds like it is sung by a severely malfunctioning robot whose state is getting worse as the song progresses, singing "Wrath of Circuits/Elements are burning out..." The song finally ends with screams and guitar scratching, as if on fire, with live electric wires flying in all directions.

Be forewarned, it will take more than a few listens to absorb and explore details on this album, of which there are far too many to describe in this review. But it's a commitment worthy of your time. The Nein are a fantastically creative band, bursting with possibilities.

Robert Ferdinand

Lila Nelson
Still Got the Farm
(Independent)

When Lila Nelson came up from California and played in Vancouver in March, she played at the Naam. In that whole tour, actually, she played coffee shops and house concerts because Lila Nelson truly is a classic folk musician. She is a singer-songwriter with an acoustic guitar who

grew up on a ranch. She sings songs like **Dar Williams** and **Jill Sobule** put together; songs about how pretty the small things in the world are—like filling up swimming pools, skipping school, the sound of falling rain. This album has harmonica and can be a bit twangy, but not in the wide-eyed way of **Michelle Shocked** or the growly way of **Oh Susanna**. These are just simple pretty songs for listening to in the car in the rain or at home when it's dark and everyone's out having fun but you just kinda felt like staying home.

Dory

Pyramids on Mars
Lines
Neoprimitive
(Pyramid Limited)

I'm doing this as a two-in-one review since these discs are so similar. It would almost seem there is no distinction in the recording, as though it's really two sides of the same album. That lack of distinction goes for the songs too, seeming more like one long composition than a collection of songs. Not that that's a bad thing necessarily, as *Pyramids on Mars* seems to want to provide a meditative journey through a mishmash of various tribal music elements and electronic noise textures. The liner notes on *Lines* indicate they feel they've kept "the hardest elements of rock" along with their Western mythic influences, but if that's true than **Ashlee Simpson** must surely be the new **Patti Smith**.

Lofty ambitions and bullshit aside, the overall effect is pleasant background music for a hip new-age get together. The more you listen to them, the more you hear in these discs, even if it seems there's nothing really there on the first listen. They do dig their ways into your brain. Of course, this assumes you can track it down—their website is defunct



and who knows about the post office box. And Google mostly wants to tell you about the Nazza lines and UFOs, though there were a scant few useful references. Happy hunting.
Drake

Regina Spektor
Soviet Kitsch
(Sire)

Sire made a great decision when it chose to simply re-release *Soviet Kitsch*, instead of calling upon the Moscow-born New Yorker to do another record. While other solo artists have stumbled a little when making this transition, Spektor's excellent major-label debut (originally her third self-released album) is devoid of the unfortunate small-artist-in-a-big-studio sound. *Soviet* is confident and convincing, with exuberant, child-like vocals offsetting sophisticated songwriting and minimal instrumentation (check out the heart-beat kick drum in "Ode to Divorce"). Though comparisons to **Cat Power** and **Tori Amos** are fully justified, *Soviet Kitsch* is wholly Spektor's own. The re-release comes with a bonus DVD of mostly forgettable content, though the video for "Us" is neat.

Kat Siddle

Various Artists
Papa, Don't Lay that Shit On Me
(Rounder)

Papa Don't Lay that Shit On Me is a reissue of *Mountain Moving Day*, the 1972 album by the Chicago and New Haven Women's Liberation Rock Bands. This time around, the collection of second-wave feminist protest music is bulked up with eight additional tracks, including two by **Le Tigre** ("GIR" and "I'm on My Way") and one by '70s spoken word artist **Naomi Welstein**. This isn't the first time *Le Tigre* has paid tribute to feminist music of the past: I recognized Welstein as the woman who talks about the New York subway between tracks on *Feminist Sweepstakes*.

The older tracks on *Papa...* range from ragtime to bluesy '60s rock to folk and faux gospel. It's an interesting listen as far as archival material goes, but how much you like it will depend on how much you like '60s protest music in general. Personally, it all sounds a bit worn out to me. Despite catchy titles like "Abortion Song" and "Fuck You," I don't think this disc is going to be on high rotation at my house.

The liner notes claim that the original *Mountain Moving Day* was the mother of all feminist, grrrl and queer-core music. A neat idea, but it's difficult to listen to the music of other people's revolutions and really understand what they found so inspiring about it. Most mind-blowing of all, though, is the thought that one day, some fifth or sixth-waver is going to listen to my beloved "Deception" and cringe as to when I hear the New Haven Women's Liberation Rock Band sing, "Far out, yeah! Far out, yeah! Loving our sisters is so far out!"

Kat Siddle



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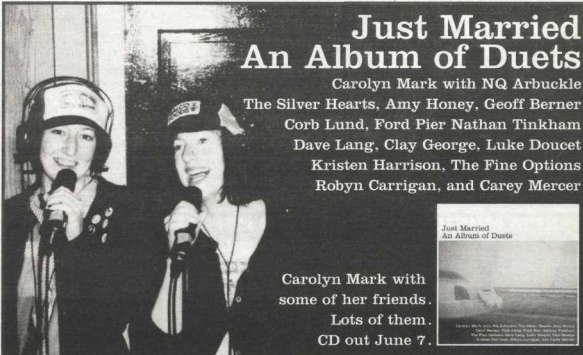
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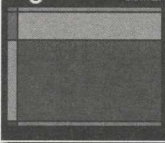
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Robyn Carrigan, and Carey Mercer.



Carolyn Mark with
some of her friends.
Lots of them.
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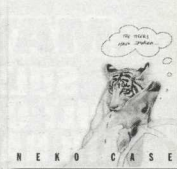
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3	P:ANO*	BRIGADOON	MENT
4	FALCONHAWK*	HERE'S YOUR GHOST	SAVED BY RADIO
5	BONTEMPI*	WHAT KEEPS US AWAKE	INDIE
6	THE PONYS	CELEBRATION CASTLE	IN THE RED
7	DEAD MEADOW	FEATHERS	MADADOR
8	KID KOALA*	LIVE FROM THE SHORT ATTENTION SPAN...	NINJA TUNE
9	SPOON	GRINNE FICION	MERGE
10	HANK PINE & LILLY FAWN*	THE ROAD TO NEW ORLEANS	LABELMAN
11	THE DECEMBERISTS	PICARESCQUE	KILL ROCK STARS
12	RAISED BY WOLVES*	S/T	INDIE
13	CASTLE PROJECT*	DAIRES OF A BROKEN HEART	WHITE WHALE
14	ET SANS*	PAR NOUSS TOUSS LES TROUSS	ALIENB
15	DESPISTADO*	THE PEOPLE OF AND THEIR VERSES	JADE TREE
16	HANGED UP*	CLATTER FOR CONTROL	CONSTELLATION
17	CARIBOU*	YETI	DOMINO
18	COLLAPSING OPPOSITES*	MEAN LETTERS	INDIE
19	SOLVENT*	ELEVATORS AND OSCILLATORS	GHOSTLY INTERNATIONAL
20	PONY UPI*	S/T	DMX MAX
21	SILVER MT. ZION*	PLAYS HORSES IN THE SKY	CONSTELLATION
22	MAPLEWOOD LANE*	THE GOLDEN SEES	ANNIDALE
23	HOT HOT HEAT*	ELEVATOR	SIRE
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25	CHET*	KAUAI	HIVE FI
26	CHIXDIGGITI*	PINK RAZORS	FAT WRECK
27	RESIDENTS	ANIMAL LOVER	MUTE
28	PRECIOUS FATHERS*	S/T	SCRATCH
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30	ADULT	D.U.M.E.	THRILL JOCKEY
31	FANTOMAS	SUSPENDED ANIMATION	IRECAC
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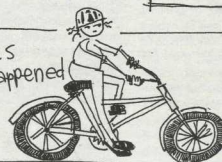
* DENOTES CANADIAN ARTIST

something that happened

I got WHISTLED at
on Two Seperate
occassions Today,



both times
While I happened
to be



riding my
bike.

now! either the whistlers know that
it's safe to cat call girls on bikes
because they're usually moving too fast to
get angry and retaliate...



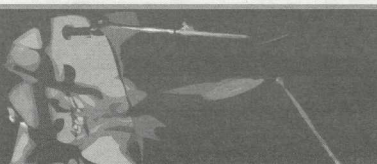
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Reggae inna all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE a.i.

3:00PM-5:00PM

Real cowshit-caught-in-yer-boots country.

AFROBEAT

3:00PM-5:00PM

In two hours, I take the listener for a spin—musically—around the world; my passion is African music and music from the Diaspora.

Afrobeat is where you can catch up on the latest in the "World Music" scene and reminisce on the classic collections. Don't miss it.

<uget_afrobeat@yahoo.com>

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING a.i.

5:00PM-6:00PM

British pop music from all decades.

SAINT TROPEZ a.i.

5:00PM-6:00PM

International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), 60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet set holiday now!

QUEER FM

6:00PM-8:00PM

Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues, and great music.

RHYTHMSINDIA

8:00PM-10:00PM

RhythmsIndia features a wide range of music from India, including popular music, from Indian movies from the 1930s to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Qawwalis, pop, and regional language numbers.

TRANCE DANCE

10:00PM-12:00AM

Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystical.

<trancedance@hotmail.com>

ELECTRONIC SPECTRUM

12:00AM-3:00AM

FILL-IN

3:00PM-6:00AM

MONDAY

FILL-IN

6:00AM-8:00AM

BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS

8:00AM-11:00AM

Your favourite brown-sters, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of aural delights!

LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS...

An eclectic mix of indie rock, pop, electronica and hip hop, with your host Jordie Sparide.

11:00AM-12:00PM

ALT. RADIO

12:00PM-1:00PM

Hosted by David B.

PARTS UNKNOWN

1:00PM-3:00PM

Underground pop for the minuses with the occasional interview with your host, Chris.

SANDBOX THEATRE

3:00PM-4:00PM

A show of radio drama orchestrated and hosted by

UBC students, featuring independent works from local, national, and international theatre groups. We welcome your involvement.

<sandboxtheatre@hotmail.com>

ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS

4:00PM-5:00PM

A chance for new CTR DJs to flex their musical muscle. Surprises galore.

THE FLIPSIDE

5:00PM-6:00PM

Join me - Dallas Brodie - for stimulating talk radio about local, national and international issues.

SON OF NITE DREAMS a.i.

6:00PM-7:30PM

SOLARIZATION a.i.

6:00PM-6:30PM

MY ASS a.i.

6:30PM-7:30PM

Phets, Alzini, "I" me.

WIGFLUX RADIO

7:30PM-9:00PM

Listen to Selecta Krystabelle for your reggae education.

THE JAZZ SHOW

9:00PM-12:00AM

Vancouver's longest running prime-time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-savvy, Gavin Walker. Features at 11:00, as listed.

May 2: Ahmad Khatib Salim (aka Albert Alderson) may not be a household name even among serious Jazz fans but Salim was a very prominent composer/arranger in the 50's and 60's. Tonight a star-studded big band plays A.K. Salim's "Blues Suite."

May 9: A very special Jazz Show this evening with the first two hours devoted to Gavin's guest: singer/lyricist/producer/character Colin Lazzarini. Colin will choose some unique vocal stylists and entertain you with his witty asides. The feature at 11 will be guitarist Grant Green in a quartet setting with pianist Kenny Drew on a disc called Sunday Morning.

May 16: An overlooked gem by tenor saxophone giant Sonny Rollins called "Tour de Force." Not only does this session contain some of Rollins' most forceful playing but some of his most lyrical and gentle as he backs up deep-voiced vocals by Earl Coleman on two songs. Drum great Max Roach is here along with bassist George Morrow and the reliable Kenny Drew on piano.

May 23: Some very experimental music that predated Miles Davis' use of modality by many years led by a forward-thinking composer/vibist Teddy Charles in conjunction with saxophonist Jimmy Giuffrè and trumpeter Shorty Rogers. All of these players were seeking to break away from the mainstream and yet this music is swinging and as modern as next week despite the fact that it was recorded in 1953. Teddy Charles' New Directions tonight!

May 30: We end the month with obscure tenor saxophonist J.R. Monterose and a recording that he was proud of as it puts him in the "jazz giant" category. The album is called The Message and features along with J.R. pianist Tommy Flanagan, bassist Jimmy Garrison and some of drummer Pete Laroca's finest work.

VENGEANCE IS MINE

12:00AM-3:00AM

All the best of the world of punkrock has to offer, in the wee hours of the morn. Hosted by Trevor.

FILL-IN

3:00AM-6:30AM

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN'

6:30AM-8:00AM

Bluegrass, old-time music and its derivatives with Arthur and "The Lovely Andrea" Berman.

HIGHBRED VOICES a.i.

8:00AM-9:30AM

FILL-IN

8:00AM-9:30AM

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM

9:30AM-11:30AM

Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourge that is Rock and Roll! Deader than the most dangerous criminal!

<doministyne@hotmail.com>

LIVE HERE, WORK EVERYWHERE a.i.

11:30AM-12:00PM

CJLY - Kootenay Co-op Radio profiles 30 creative enterprises in Nelson with markets and clients worldwide.

MORNING AFTER SHOW a.i.

11:30AM-12:30PM

REEL TO REAL a.i.

12:30PM-1:00PM

Movie reviews and criticism.

ENGAGING THE WORD a.i.

1:00PM-2:00PM

Canadian authors, fiction writers and novelists interviewed by James O'Hearn.

BEATUP RONIN

12:00PM-2:00PM

Where dead samurai can program music.

CIRCUIT TRACING

2:00PM-3:30PM

EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE a.i.

3:30PM-4:30PM

En Avant la musique! se concentre sur le méritage des genres musicaux au sein d'une francophonie ouverte à tous les courants. This program focuses on cross-cultural music and its influence on mostly Francophone musicians.

TANSI KIYAW a.i.

3:30PM-4:30PM

Tansi kiyaw? Is Michif-Cree (one of the Metis languages) for "Hello, How are you?" and is a monthly Indigenous music and spoken word show. Hosted by June Scudeler (for those who know me from other shows I'm Metis!), the show will feature music and spoken word as well as events and news from Indian country and special guests. Contact me at jscudeler@ucalgary.ca with news, even listings and ideas. Megwelch!

FILL-IN

4:30PM-5:00PM

WENER'S BARBEQUE

5:00PM-6:00PM

Join the sports dept. for their coverage of the T-Birds.

FLEX YOUR HEAD

6:00PM-8:00PM

Up the punx, down the emol Keepin' it real since 1989, yo. flexyourhead.vancouverhardcore.com

SALARIO MINIMO

8:00PM-10:00PM

THE LOVE DEN a.i.

10:00PM-12:00AM

<loveden@hotmail.com>

ESCAPISM a.i.

10:00PM-12:00AM

es'cap'ism n: escape from the reality or routine of life by absorbing the mind in entertainment or fantasy.

Host: DJ Satlycon.

<DJsatlycon@hotmail.com>

AURAL TENTACLES

12:00AM-4:00AM

It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

WEDNESDAY

FILL-IN

6:00AM-7:00AM

SUBURBAN JUNGLE

7:00AM-9:00AM

CITR NEWS AND ARTS

9:00AM-10:00AM

EXQUISITE CORPSE

10:00AM-11:00AM

Experimental, radio-art, sound collage, field recordings, etc. Recommended for the insane.

ANOIZE

11:30AM-1:00PM

Luke Meat imitates and educates through musical

deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

THE SHAKE a.i.

1:00PM-2:00PM

MIRCH MASALA a.i.

1:00PM-2:00PM

DEMOCRACY NOW

2:00PM-3:00PM

Independent news hosted by award-winning journalists Amy Goodman and Juan Gonzalez.

MOTORDADDY a.i.

3:00PM-4:00PM

Cycle-iffic rawk and roll!

3:00PM-4:00PM

RUMBLETONE RADIO a.i.

3:00PM-4:00PM

Primitive, fuzzed-out garage mayhem!

NECESSARY VOICES

5:00PM-6:30PM

Socio-political, environmental activist news and spoken word with some music, too. www.necessaryvoices.org

<necessaryvoices@telus.net>

AND SOMETIMES WHY a.i.

6:30PM-8:00PM

(First Wednesday of every month.)

BLUE MONDAY a.i.

6:30PM-8:00PM

Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-retro-goth program. Music to schtomp to, hosted by Coreen.

FILL-IN

8:00PM-9:00PM a.i.

JUICE BOX

8:00PM-9:00PM a.i.

Developing your relational and individual sexual health, expressing diversity, celebrating queerness and encouraging pleasure at all stages. Sexually educators Julia and Alex will quench your search for responsible, progressive sexuality over your life span! www.juiceboxradio.com

FOLK OASIS

9:00PM-10:00PM

Roots music for folkies and non-folkies... bluegrass, singer-songwriters, worldbeat, alt country, and more. Not a mirage!

<folkooasis@canada.com>

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR

11:00PM-2:00AM

This is, pretty much, the best thing on radio.

FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM

2:00AM-6:00AM

THURSDAY

FILL-IN

6:00AM-8:00AM

END OF THE WORLD NEWS

8:00AM-10:00AM

SWEET AND HOT

10:00AM-11:00AM

Sweet dance music and hot jazz from the 1920s 30s and 40s.

FIRE D UP

11:30AM-12:00PM

Ever told yourself "I can't even boil water, let alone cook a chicken or stir-fry vegetables!" Let Chef Morat show you the way to create easy meals prepared in the comfort of your own kitchen/becherol pad or car. OK, maybe not the car. Wouldn't it want to spill anything on the upholstery.

UNPACK YOUR ADJECTIVES

1:00PM-2:00PM

WE ALL FALL DOWN

1:00PM-2:00PM

Punk rock, indie pop, and whatever else I deem worthy. Hosted by a closet nerd.

THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW

2:00PM-3:00PM

Comic comic comic. Oh yeah, and some music with Robin.

RHYMES AND REASONS

3:00PM-5:00PM

DJ Knownone slaves over hot-multi-track to bring a fresh continuous mix of fresh every week. Made from scratch, samples and just a few drops of fame. Our tables also have plethora of guest DJs, performers, interviews, giveaways, Strong Bad and the occasional public service announcements.

<eno_wonk@yahoo.ca>

LOCAL KIDS MAKE GOOD

5:00PM-6:00PM a.i.

Local Dave brings you local music of all sorts. The program most likely to play your band!

PEDAL REVOLUTIONARY a/c.

5:00PM-6:00PM

Viva la Velouria! DJ Helmet Hair and Chainbreaker Jane give you all the bike news and views you need and even cruise around while doing it! www.bikesexual.org

PLANET LOVETRON

6:00PM-7:30PM a/c

Music inspired by Chocolate Thunder: Rob Robot drops electro past and present, hip hop and intergalactic funkship. <rbolove@yahoo.com>

NUTHOUSE RADIO THEATRE

6:00PM-7:30PM a/c.

All-original Canadian radio drama and performance art written and performed live-to-air by our very own team of playwrights and voice-actors. We also welcome you to get involved, whether you are a professional or inexperienced...

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR

7:30PM-9:00PM

The best in roots, rock 'n' roll and rhythm and blues from 1942-1962 with your snappily-attired host, Gary Olsen.

<ripup55@telus.net>

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL

9:00PM-11:00PM

Live from Thunderbird Radio Hell showcases local talent... LIVE! Honestly, don't even ask about the technical side of this.

May 12: Live from the Waldorf Hotel! The Hunter Cometh and The Vancourtland Rangers.

May 19: Ladyhawk.

May 26: Two Dollar Ties.

Also, keep and ear out for Eval Hearted and Raking bombs!

WORLD HEAT

11:00PM-1:00AM

An old punk rock heart considers the oneness of all things and presents music of worlds near and far. Your host, the great Daryl-oni, seeks reassurance via

<worldheat@hotmail.com>.

LAUGH TRACKS

1:00AM-2:00AM

BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT

2:00AM-6:00AM

FRIDAY

FILL-IN

6:00AM-7:00AM

PLEASE ROCK THE DOOR

Start your weekend ridiculously early with Vancouver's super awesome fun time happy radio show. Playing all the dance-punk, electro, rock, new wave, hip hop, 80's, etc. shit that your mom thinks is cool.

7:00AM-8:00AM

CAUGHT IN THE RED

8:00AM-10:00AM

Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years' worth of real rock 'n' roll debris.

SKA-T'S SCENE-1K DRIVE!

10:00AM-12:00PM

Email requests to: <djska_1@hotmail.com>

THESE ARE THE BREAKS

12:00PM-2:00PM

Top notch crack digger DJ Avi Shack mixes the underground hip hop, old school classics and original breaks.

RADIO ZERO

2:00PM-3:30PM

NARDWUAR THE HUMAN SERVIETTE PRESENTS...

3:30PM-5:00PM

THUNDERBIRD RADIO NEWS

5:00PM-6:00PM

A volunteer-produced, student and community newscast featuring news, sports and arts. Reports by people like you. "Become the Media."

THE NORTHERN WISH (formerly THE NORTHERN WISH)

6:00PM-7:30PM

Independent Canadian music from almost every genre imaginable covering the east coast to the left coast and all points in between. Yes, even Montréal!

<thecanadianway@popstar.com>

AFRICAN RHYTHMS

7:30PM-9:00PM

David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa and African music from around the world.

www.africanrhythmsradio.com

HOMELESS

9:00PM-12:00AM

Hosted by DJ Noah: techno but also some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJs, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more.

I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES a/c.

12:00AM-2:00AM

THE ANTIDOTE a/c.

2:00AM-4:00AM

THE VAMPIRE'S BALL

4:00AM-6:00AM

Dark, sinister music to soothe and/or move the Dragon's soul. Hosted by Drake.

<thevampiresball@yahoo.ca>

SATURDAY

FILL-IN

6:00AM-8:00PM

THE SATURDAY EDGE

8:00AM-12:00PM

Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar and ticket giveaways.

8AM-9AM: African/World roots, 9AM-12PM: Celtic music and performances.

GENERATION ANNIHILATION

12:00PM-1:00PM

A fine mix of streetpunk and old school hardcore backed by band interviews, guest speakers, and social commentary. www.streetpunkradio.com

POWERCHORD

1:00PM-3:00PM

Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports, and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead.

Dwain, and Metal Ron do the damage.

CODE BLUE

3:00PM-5:00PM

From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues, and blues riffs with your hosts Jim, Andy and Paul.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW

5:00PM-6:00PM

The best mix of music, news, sports and commentary from around the local and international Latin American communities.

BATTLE ZONE

6:00PM-7:00PM

Each show will make you feel as though you're listening in on conversations between political insiders. As well, this guest and caller-driven programs its guest from opposite ends of the corridor of public argument against one another in ho-holds barred debate that takes you behind today's headlines.

SHADOW JUGGLERS

7:00PM-9:00PM

An exciting chug of Drum 'n' Bass with DJs Jimmingle & Bias on the ones and twos, plus guests. Listen for giveaways everyweek. Keep feelin da beatz.

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH

9:00PM-11:00PM

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS

11:00PM-1:00AM

Cutting-edge, progressive organ music with resident Hailch and various guest performers/DJs. Bye-bye civilisation, keep smiling blue, where's me bloody anesthetic then? <http://plutonia.org>

EARWAX

1:00AM-4:00AM

"not terror mindfuck hardcore like punk/beatz drop dem headz rock inna junglist mashup/distort da source full force with needlz on wax/my chaos runs rampant when I free da jazz..." Out.

REGGAE LINKUP

4:30AM-9:00AM

Hardcore dancehall reggae. Hosted by Sister B.

SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

6:00	7:00	8:00	9:00	10:00	11:00	12:00	1:00	2:00	3:00	4:00	5:00	6:00	7:00	8:00	9:00	10:00	11:00	12:00	1:00	2:00	3:00	4:00	5:00	6:00
REGGAE LINKUP (RG)	FILL-IN	PACIFIC PICKIN' (RT)	FILL-IN	SUBURBAN JUNGLE (EC)	FILL-IN	PLEASE ROCK THE DOOR (EC)	FILL-IN																	
ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC (EC)	BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS (EC)	HIGHBRED VOICES (WO)	FILL - IN	CTR NEWS + ARTS (TK)	END OF THE WORLD NEWS (EC)	CAUGHT IN THE RED (RR)	THE SATURDAY EDGE (RT)																	
	LOOKS AND TIGERS AND BEARS	THIRD TIMES THE CHARM (RR)		EXQUISITE CORPSE (EX)	SWEET 'N' HOT (EC)	SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE (SK)																		
ROCKERS SHOW (RG)	ALT. RADIO (PO)	FILL - IN	MONKING AFTER SHOW (EC)	ANOIE (NO)	FIRED UP (TK)	THESE ARE THE BREAKS (HH)	GENERATION ANNIHILATION (PU)																	
	PARTS UNKNOWN (PO)	BEATUP RONIN (EC)	HEEL TO FEEL (TK)	THE SHIRE (RR)	WE ALL FALL DOWN (EC)	THESE ARE THE BREAKS (HH)	POWERCHORD (MT)																	
BLOOD ON THE SADDLE (RT)	AFROBEAT (WO)	CIRCUIT TRACING (DC/EC)	ENGAGING THE WORD (TK)	DEMOCRACY NOW (TK)	THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW (TK)	RADIO ZERO (EC)	CODE BLUE (RT)																	
CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING (PO)	SAINT TROPEZ (PO)	EN AVANT LA MESQUITE (PU)	TAMER KRYAN (EC)	RUMBLESTONE RADIO (RR)	THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW (TK)	NARDWUAR PRESENTS (NW)																		
		FILL - IN	WENER'S BBQ (SP)	NECESSARY VOICES (TK)	LOCAL KIDS MAKE GOOD (EC)	CITR NEWS AND ARTS (TK)	LEO RAMIREZ SHOW (WO)																	
QUEER FM (TK)	SON OF NITE DREAMS (EC)	SOLARIZATION (TK)	MY ASS (EC)	AND SOMETIMES WHY (PO/EC)	BLUE MONDAY (EC)	THE CANADIAN WAY (EC)	RACHEL MARSLER SHOW (TK)																	
RHYTHMSINDIA (WO)	WIGFLUX RADIO (RG)	SALARIO MINIMO (WO)		FILL-IN	JUICEBOX (TK)	AFRICAN RHYTHMS (WO)	SHADOW JUGGLERS (DC)																	
TRANSCENDANCE (DC)	THE JAZZ SHOW (JZ)	THE LOVE DEN (EC)	ESCAPISM (EC)	FOLK OASIS (RT)	LIVE FROM... THUNDERBIRD HELL (LM)	HOMELESS (DC)	SYNAPTIC SANDWICH (DC/EC)																	
ELECTRONIC SPECTRUM (DC)	VENGEANCE IS MINE! (PU)	THE LOVE DEN (EC)	ESCAPISM (EC)	HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR (HK)	WORLD HEAT (WO)	I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES (EC)	PLUTONIAN NIGHTS (DC)																	
FILL-IN	FILL-IN	THE LOVE DEN (EC)	ESCAPISM (EC)	FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM (EC)	LAUGH TRACKS (TK)	THE ANTIDOTE (EC)	EARWAX (HH/DC)																	
						THE VAMPIRE'S BALL (GI/MT)	REGGAE LINKUP (RG)																	

DC=dance/electronic EC=eclectic EX=experimental FR=French language GI=goth/industrial HC=hardcore HH=hiphop HK=Hans Kloss JZ=jazz
LM=live music LO=lounge MT=metal NO=noise NW=Nardwar PO=pop PU=punk RG=reggae RR=rock RT=roots SK=ska SP=sports TK=talk WO=world

HOME AND ABROAD Zulu's musical caravan goes the distance.

VANCOUVER'S BEST SOUNDS

LEE HUTZULAK

Angel Trumpets Clicking Death CD

Whether slipped under the Zulu door, tucked into the burp napkin on the back of a multilingual penguin or carried by the winds coming from a cherry orchard collectively sighing, **Lee Hutzulak's** varied musical output has always found strange ways to arrive at your stereo. Perhaps it is because there is something inherently enigmatic and magical about his delicate compositions of electronics, guitar, voice and acoustics. Perhaps it is just that with all the complexity in his universe, **Hutzulak's** beautiful forlorn songs cling to the deliriums of his oddly-shaped world, seeking meaning from the natural form and structures that bind them. Regardless, on this his second triumphant solo outing, **Lee** leads us through seven fantastic tracks that are densely packed with in his own words — snow shoes, black forests, rivers restless under ice, cooling down houses, beach sand and beach shell, Death playing cat's cradle, a poisoned hairpin and much, much more! Listen up man, **Hutzulak** takes you there, if you can't find your way back, then perhaps you really should sit.

CD 12.98

DUPLEX!

Abium by Duplex! CD

The more grown-ups I meet the more I like little kids, so this summer I'm gonna start coaching little league softball and man-o-man I'm excited! I think our uniforms are gonna be orange and brown and our mascot's gonna be an armadillo with a top hat on and we're gonna be called the Mount Pleasant Class-A's. We are gonna be boss! I bought a boom-box to get the team pumped and picked up the new disc by **Duplex!** It's got a couple of kids in the band, which is cool, and a few old people like **Veda Hille**, members of **Pane and A.C. Newman** — whoever they are. Songs include "Pooping and Peeing" which is about just that — as well as some about not liking salad, NOT being the best little boy in the world and a bunch of other stuff that the grown-ups don't know about but the little kids understand. It's gonna be a good season. Go Mount Pleasant Class-A's! AVAILABLE MAY 3RD.

CD 12.98

THE NEINS CIRCA

Sunday Anthems CD

Somewhere in Vancouver is a magic post office box with **Blue Curtain** written on it. I wish I could give you the address so you would know where to send your demos but when I asked the label boss **A.C. Newman** about it he told me that they were still recording the blue paint for the curtain and that it would all take a while. What do you mean take a while? What sort of reception area do you have? I'll take a seat and give you my record, man. I did everything you ever did. **New Peripherals**, **Heko Case**, **Capozzi Park** and **The Battles** all blow small speakers on expensive stereos. Next, I asked **Newman's** representative (for that was who I was dealing with now) if there was going to be a label show. He said yes, but I spent over two hours in a lot by the fish factories on Parker before I realized I was really just a huge pest. Now, I've really got to make it up to the **Blue Curtain**, especially since they are responsible for releasing the debut recording from Vancouver's finest future good time, **The Neins Circa**. Featuring classic pop hooks, good looks and showmanship worthy of an endless stint at the Showboat, these guys are everything and more I could hope for from **Blue Curtain**. Enjoy. AVAILABLE MAY 10TH.

CD 14.98

MAPLEWOOD LANE

The Golden Skies CD

Some people dream in black and white. Some people find a little colour. Some people even swear they can get the sound controls working. Well that's cool but what's cooler is this brooding dream-pop release from Vancouver's best kept secret — **Maplewood Lane**. Recalling the blissed-out sonic wash of **Pale Saints**, **Ride** and **Slowdive**, this little shoegaze nugget is the perfect conduit for your nights of **Sansar** dream. Theory practice. Recorded and released by fellow altered states fan **Jonathan Anderson** (**Jonathan Inc./Redogram**). The **Golden Skies'** cathartic songs are cleverly layered to glowing effect with sun kissed tremolo guitars, soaring vocal harmonies and rays of warm, glorious keyboards. Highlights include the whitout fuzz noise of **Canadian Winters** as well as the serene jubilation of **'Brightest Star'**. Dream on.

CD 9.98

ALL SALE PRICES IN EFFECT UNTIL MAY 31, 2005



THE WORLD'S BEST SOUNDS

ANIMAL

COLLECTIVE & VASHTI

BUNYAN

Prospect Hummer CDEP

When last summer's **Animal Collective** show sold out a big local room we knew that the freak folk underground was on the rise. The upsurge of interest in contemporary roots wreckers like **Six Organs of Admittance** and the **Tower Recordings** led many adventurous types to investigate the murky old hobbits that first dug the mossy loam of acid folk way back when. It seems like hardly a week passes without some new unearthing of buried treasure from this particular allotment — **Comus**, **Forest**, **Trees** and — best of all — the delightfully whimsical **Vashti Bunyan**. So what do you get when the masters of today's psyche-folk sound get it together with the scene's veteran high priestess? You get a glorious orb of harp, guitars, strings, melodicas, and electronics. You get a truly stunning record which is, in essence, like a wolf returning to its mother.

CDEP 9.98

BOREDOMS

Seadrum/House of Sun CD

Om Om Om! Never out of breath, **Yoshimi** is chanting her magical mantra to the ocean that swoosh-swoosh-swooshes and swells in complex reflections of upping eddies out past the breakwater and towards the hopeful horizon of eternal golden sunrises. Gaining momentum, her fragile bird coos cue a barrage of percussion that, in turn, sets loose a stampede of beautiful/grotesque sonic noise beasts. Many of these creatures have many heads, eyes, and arms that shimmer with exotic desire. Next **Yoshimi** heretically hosts a baby grand piano to be sacrificed to the gods, who chuckle as this perverse played-out symbol of reason, order and high art, before it is thrust deep into the mouth of the transcendental sonic chimera. Om Om Om! What is this vortex? What have the **Boredoms** unleashed? Five years in the making, **Seadrum/House of Sun** is their shining moment — two epic tracks that unveil the true possibilities of unrestrained tremor sound summoning by assailing the ears with a truly spiritual blast of hippy-punk mayhem. If you are upright, you need this. Om Om Om!

CD 22.98

CARIBOU

The Milk of Human Kindness CD

Though there is much implicitly shared territory between the genres of pastoral pop, psychedelic rock and ambient electronics, few artists have convincingly and explicitly mapped this particular no-man's-land. Enter **Dan Snaith**, formerly **Marlboro**, now known as **Caribou**. Using the trippiest sounds of the late 20th century as his stable reference, **Snaith** has re-aligned the role of electronic music in the modern milieu. Eschewing the mindless late-night head-nod of the contemporary best-case, **Snaith** positions programming as a platform for departures into Krautrock drone, **Beatles**-esque melodies, free-jazz wildness and smiley-faced soul shakedown. This combination of influences has long been awaiting exploration — it just needed someone to go the extra mile and where one band fails to cross the universe another succeeds.

CD 14.98

DEATH CAB FOR CUTIE

The John Byrd EP CDEP

Some of you may recall that many years ago Zulu arranged a bus trip down to **Bellingham** to see **Mercury Rev**. Well, that night a little known local band called

Death Cab for Cutie shared the bill with the **Rev** and blew away even the most experienced of Zulu rock travelers. Today, they are one of the biggest indie rock acts in North America. Properly they roared the Ball Shop on the O.C. and are about to sign on the dotted line with a major record label, inevitably becoming fabulously rich and famous in the process. That said, it should give you comfort that way back on that awesome night in a Bellingham college gym, they proved first and foremost that they are super cool guys. Collectors: This EP is their last for Barsuk Records and features some primo laid-back pop wizardry.

CDEP 11.98



SPOON

Gimme Fiction 2CD

Within the first five seconds of **Gimme Fiction**, **Spoon** establish themselves as America's real rock deal. With its loose arrangement of edgy guitars, bar room piano and frenetic drumming, **Gimme Fiction's** lead-off track (**Beast and Dragon**, **Adorned**) sees front man **Britt Daniel** finally making good on his promise to deliver an American version of the **Stones' Ecce on Main Street**. Other stellar moments recall off-maligned **Emotional Residue**'s smooth bass and disco beat but without **Jagger's** rock-puppet antics. For a band that has always had an explosive live show, it certainly sounds nice to hear them kicking it out the skagging. I Turn My Camera On. To sum up: If you were into the catchiness of **Kill the Moonlight**, then you're really going to dig the reckless abandon, stammering rambling and high end dynamics of **Gimme Fiction**. Oh and listen, we have a strictly limited edition CD version of this album — you snore you loose. AVAILABLE MAY 10TH.

2CD 16.98

Limited Edition 2CD version in!

ONEIDA

The Wedding CD

This most excellent new record from **Kid Williams**, **Blond Lane** and big ol' **Fat Bobby**, mixes everything from wild vocal explorations to sweet string arrangements into **Oneida's** familiar face-melting psyche formula. If you got to see 'em last month at **Richard's** (opening for label-mates **Black Mountain**), you got a sweet taste of things to come on this then-unreleased gem. If you've not yet joined the **Oneida** utopian rock community, get ready to dump your car keys in the punchbowl, cuz this is one you're gonna wanna get on top of. AVAILABLE MAY 3RD.

CD 16.98

STEREO LAB

Oscillons from the Anti-Sun 3 CD+DVD

Being a **Stereo Lab** completist has always been an uphill struggle. Acquiring all of the multifarious limited edition forty-fives, 10 inches and coloured vinyl oddities that litter the band's labyrinthine back-catalogue is no easy matter. Their recent decision to call it a day presumably means the onslaught of hard-to-find releases will cease but there remains a wealth of intriguing avant-pop gems that even dedicated **Gale/Saunders** fans have yet to discover. **Oscillons from the Anti-Sun** represents a concerted effort to address this issue. Spanning **Stereo Lab's** most creative period, it features classics like **Jonny Ondine**, **Ping Pong**, **Cybele's Reverie**, **French Disco** and **Miss Modular**, alongside a wealth of odd obscurities. What will make it a must for all **Stereo Lab** fanatics, though, is the bonus DVD packed with promo videos and TV spots. Space age!

3 CD + DVD 26.98

GET IN THE BUS AND GO WITH:

THANKSGIVING — The River CD

ELECTRANE — Axes CD/EP

THE MOUNTAIN GOATS — The Sunset Tree CD/EP

ARIEL PINK'S HAUNTED GRAFFITI — Worm Copy CD

NO SNAKES — Peel Session CD

LYRICS BORN — Same 10/95 Different Day (with bonus DVD)

THE PONYS — Celebration Castle CD

MARY TIMON — Ex Hex CD

AMIEE MAIN — The Forgotten Arm CD

THE GO-BETWEENS — Oceans Apart CD

ADQUEDUCT — I Sold Gold CD

LOVE AS LAUGHTER — Laughter's Fifth CD

ROBERT WYATT — His Greatest Misses CD

NOVILLERO — Aim Right for the Holes in Their Lives CD



zulu news Arvo Leopold curates **The Cleveland Wrecking Yard Show** May 8th to June 8th 2005 Record cover art repositioned.



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